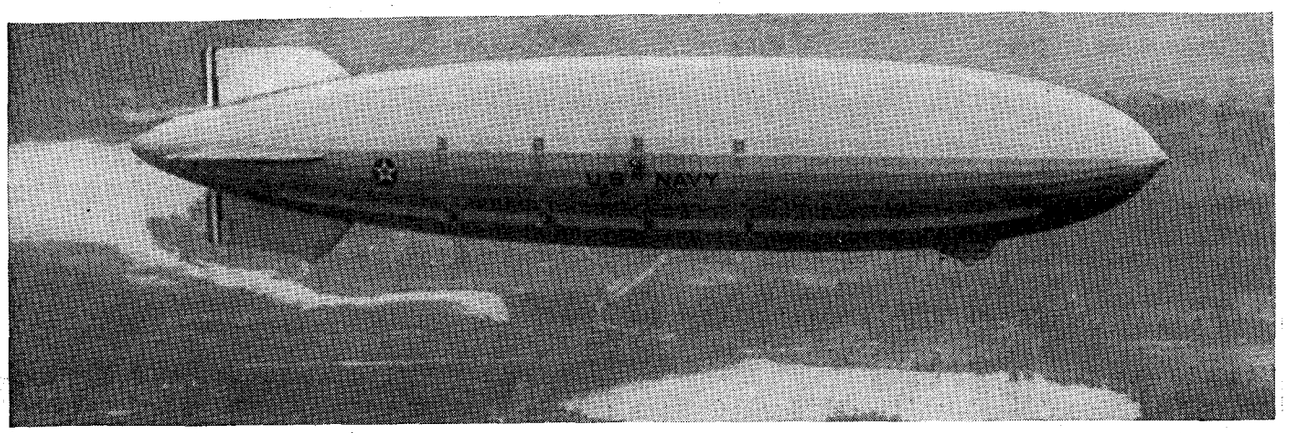
The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY



Acme

The Huge Airship That Carried Seventy-three Men to Death

The "Akron" Horror

"STAND BY FOR A CRASH."

The order came quietly, and, quietly, every man went to his post.

It would be only a moment now. Below, hidden by fog and darkness, was the churning sea, waiting to drag them to death. All about was the raging storm, with cruel stabs of lightning and roaring thunder. Helpless as a toy in the grip of the wind, the huge airship was being hurled to destruction, and everybody knew it.

But—"discipline in the control car was perfect. There was no noise, no confusion of any kind, and all orders were given in a low voice, and were carried out efficiently." And so it was all through the ship, with every man at his post quietly waiting for death.

Then the crash. The lightning flared. It showed the enormous "Queen of the Sky," now a crippled hulk, hammered by the waves. All around were the bobbing heads of men fighting an impossible fight for life. Not far away were the lights of a ship—a promise of rescue. But of all the seventy-six men struggling in the water or caught in the wreck only four were to reach it, and one of these was to die soon afterward.

SEVENTY-THREE men lost, among them Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, known as "the father" of naval aviation, and Commander Frank C. McCord. A few hours later head-lines stunned the nation with news of the destruction of the dirigible *Akron* off the New Jersey coast, the worst disaster in aviation history.

In the midst of preparations for official inquiries to determine the cause of the crash, and amid demands for an investigation of old rumors about sabotage in the building of the ship, a bitter quarrel broke out in the press over the further use of what one faction calls "flying coffins."

But they are not flying coffins to the tall, ruddy-faced, brown-eyed officer who was rescued from the *Akron*. Only a few hours after the disaster, Lieut.-Commander Herbert V. Wiley told Jeanette Smits of the New York *Evening Journal* that "I have every confidence in airships, and hope that our people will still continue to see the value of them both commercially and for naval uses."

It was largely from Lieutenant-Commander Wiley, the only officer saved, that the story of the crash was obtained. In his official report he says that "a very sharp gust struck the ship" and the rudder controls carried away with a noise that "indicated to me that the ship's structure had been damaged somewhere." Another survivor, Deal, reports that he saw two girders bend and buckle before the ship struck.

THE *Akron* left Lakehurst, New Jersey, on the night of April 3 "on a regularly scheduled flight, the object of which was to calibrate some radio stations in New England." A storm rolled up from the south and caught the ship about twenty miles off Barnegat light on the New Jersey coast. It was about a half-hour after midnight, said Wiley, that "the ship began to descend rapidly from 1,600 feet, and I dropt the emergency ballast forward, and the fall was stopt at 800 feet"—

"We rose rapidly and leveled off easily at 1,600 feet. While we were falling the engines speeded to full speed; when we regained altitude they changed to standard speed. About three minutes later the air became exceedingly turbulent, and the ship was tossed about violently.

"I knew we were near the center of the storm, because the air is most disturbed toward centers, and I called all hands to the landing-stations—that is, I gave the signal to have them available, and not in their bunks. The ship took a sharp lurch and the rudder-control wires of the upper rudder carried away. Then they broke. I unclutched the upper rudder and tried to steer with the lower rudder. I was on the right side of the control power and supervised the rudder, and the captain was on the left side supervising the elevator wheel—the wheel that sends you up and down.

"The elevator man reported several times that the ship was

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falling, and I heard the report 800 feet. By this time the bow of the ship nosed to about 20 degrees, but even then we were falling quite rapidly. In the fog nothing could be seen. I asked the altitude, and the answer was 300 feet. I gave the order to stand by for a crash, and the signal was rung to the engine car. Then we hit the water. We had, as I remember, a list to starboard—my side of the car—and water—I remember—rushing in my window carried me out of the other window—the window the captain was standing by.

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"The Safest Dirigible

Ever built anywhere." That is what Rear-Admiral William A Moffett called the "Akron." He died when it crashed.

"I tried to swim as rapidly as I could to get from under the ship, and finally I came to the surface. I could see the ship drifting away from me when the lightning flashed. The bow was pointed up in the air and the whole structure was a general wreck. I saw two lights on what I thought was the stern, and looking to the side of them I saw the lights of a ship. I also thought I could see the glare of the Barnegat lighthouse.

"I swam toward the ship and after about ten minutes found a board about three feet square which I clung to the rest of the way. I saw several men in the water, but none very close that I thought I could help.

"When I got about 400 yards from the ship (the tanker *Phœbus*), the wind changed and the waves began hitting me in the face instead of rising from behind me. The captain put his ship broadside the sea and it floated down toward us. I think he had heard the cries of some of the men in the water. I swam easily to the steamer, and they threw a life-ring to me and hauled me aboard."

THE two others saved by the German tanker *Phœbus* shortly after the 785-foot *Akron* plunged into the sea were Moody E. Erwin, aviation machinist's mate, and Richard E. Deal, boatswain's mate, who clung to a helium tank until picked up. Saved with them was Chief Radioman R. W. Copeland, who died a few hours after being rescued. Altho the *Phœbus* kept its small boats searching the sea for hours, no others were found.

Adding to the nation's sorrow, two more lives were lost when the Navy's non-rigid blimp *J-3*, returning from a search for survivors, plunged into the ocean at Beach Haven, New Jersey.

Whether the exact cause of the *Akron's* demolition would ever be known appeared problematical as the Navy and Congress prepared for inquiries. From the stories of the survivors, however, high Navy officers were said to have concluded that the main structure of the *Akron* buckled in the air. One expert, declares flatly that the crash could have been avoided by the appliance of proper navigation. So asserts the United Press, quoting Capt. Anton Heinen, "generally acknowledged as the man who taught the United States Navy how to fly dirigibles."

"The *Akron* was caught in a horizontal maelstrom of air which could and should have been avoided," this expert declared. "He said," the dispatch adds, "that the *Akron* should never have been flown in the vicinity of a meteorological disturbance of that nature."

The violent dispute that breaks out over the future use of dirigibles comes at a time when the *Macon*, sister ship of the *Akron*, is about to have her first trials. The *Akron* was put into service in 1931. Charges of defective construction were heard by a Congressional Committee, but the ship was accepted. One of her chief defenders was Admiral Moffett, who lost his life when she fell. A victim of several minor mishaps, the ship was supposed to have shaken off her "jinx" during the smooth trip she made to the Panama Canal zone a few weeks ago.

"There won't be any more big airships built," declared Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee. "We have built three and lost two," he added, referring to the destruction of the *Shenandoah*, with the loss of fourteen lives, in a storm over Ohio.

Many papers point out that all other nations, except Germany, have abandoned the dirigible as a war weapon, and assert that we should do likewise.

"It is folly," declares Emile Gauvreau in the New York *Daily Mirror*, "to continue the construction of these flying coffins."

"Let there be no more dirigibles," cries the Philadelphia *Record*. As for the new ship *Macon*, the New York *Daily News* questions the wisdom of commissioning it "at risk of losing some more valuable Navy men," and the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* asserts flatly that it should be junked.

"It is high time," agrees the Troy *Record*, "that Congress puts its positive veto on the construction of any more of these ponderous and helpless machines."

BUT the other side is equally vehement.

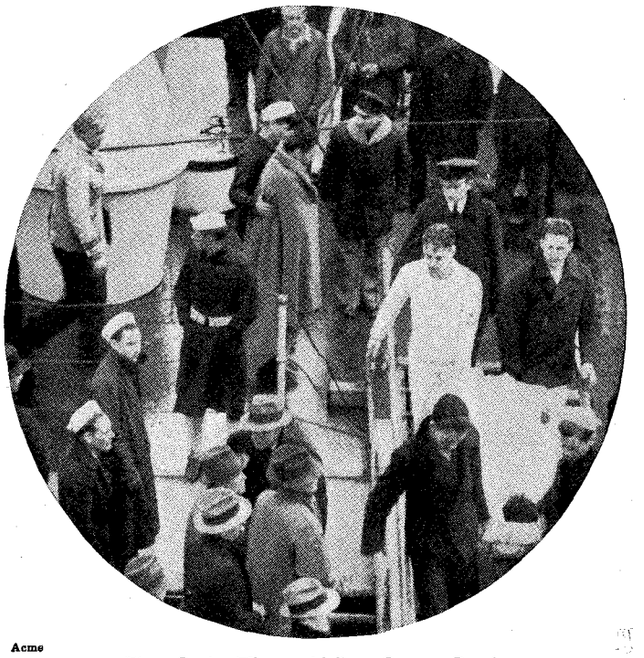
"The work of developing lighter-than-air craft will go on, and it is well," declares the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. "Man will not be content until he has conquered the skies."

"If the rigid airship was of use before this disaster," says the New York *Times*, "it can not be argued now that the disaster has destroyed it." And this from the Washington *Post:*

"There is vain talk of surrendering to the powers of the air and sea by quitting the building of airships. There is babble of economy, and of the dangers that attend the operation of airships.

"This is not the spirit of America, the America of Lindbergh and Byrd. It is not the spirit of Moffett, who now, from his watery grave, would protest against surrender. His was a hero's soul and an eagle's undaunted flight.

"From every reverse by the sky or sea emerges the indomitable spirit of man, moving to conquests over both."



Acme

The Only Three Who Came Back

Sole survivors of the "Akron" crash are seen here being taken ashore after their rescue. Lieutenant-Commander Wiley is at upper left (in white jacket). In front of him (wrapt in a blanket) is Moody E. Erwin, and on the stretcher is Richard E. Deal.

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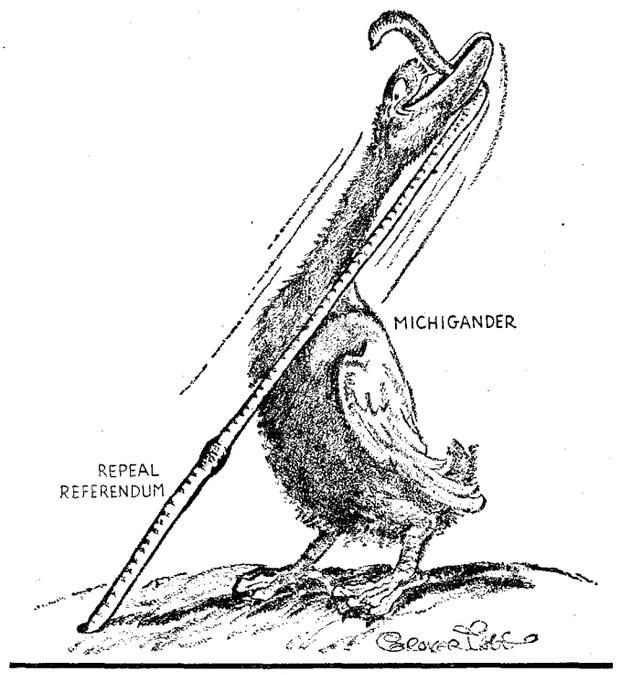
Repeal 1/18th Ratified

"ONLY THIRTY-FOUR MORE!"

So exclaim exultant wets as Michigan and Wisconsin are the first States to ratify the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Since three-fourths of the States, or thirty-six, must ratify, the process of ratification is now 1–18th complete.

A score of wet newspapers declare that the four-to-one vote in Wisconsin and the three-to-one vote in Michigan show the drift of national public sentiment in favor of repeal.



The Early Bird

—Page in the Louisville "Courier Journal."

"The retreat from Volstead is under way," is how the St. Joseph *News-Press* puts it. The Providence *News-Tribune* insists that "there does not seem to be much left of national Prohibition."

Drys had conceded a wet victory in Wisconsin and also in Michigan, in view of the more than two-to-one vote by which Michigan repealed its State-wide dry law last Fall. And so they now have little to say.

BUT however much the wets may be encouraged, they are warned that, in the words of the Washington *News*, "they should not mistake victory in two easy salients for eventual success." In fact, continues this paper, "there is a disturbing slowing down in the preparations for repeal"—

"Only twenty-four States have set up machinery for the election of delegates to conventions. In nine additional States only one house of the legislature has acted. The remaining fifteen States have done nothing."

The idea that with Michigan and Wisconsin safely registered for repeal, "the rest ought to be easy," seems to the Newark *News* to be "putting enthusiasm above common sense"—

"New York and New Jersey, Illinois and Massachusetts, will probably outdo the majorities won in the two Midwestern States, but there are plenty of others where public opinion is more nearly equally divided.

"Some of them—most of them, probably—are States inclined to vote for repeal at this time. If anything will swing them to the opposite point of view it will be the example of the wets as set in Albany and Trenton.

"The stupid political squabbles over the legalization of beer are just so much propaganda for the drys."

Such a leader of the wets as Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, chairman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, predicts that the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed either within eighteen months or not for a long time. She thinks only three States will fail to ratify: Arkansas, Kansas, and Oklahoma. She classifies as doubtful Georgia, Iowa, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Mississippi, Nebraska, and Tennessee.

Mrs. Sabin's statement is interesting when we recall that the LITERARY DIGEST Prohibition straw vote of last year found only two States voting against repeal, Kansas and North Carolina; and the North Carolina vote was very close.

But when it comes to comparisons, the actual vote in Michigan and Wisconsin last week was a remarkable vindication of the DIGEST poll in those States. The exact figures with comment of Wisconsin and Michigan papers are presented below.

FOR a number of reasons the fact that Michigan was the first State to vote intrigues our editors. The Chicago *Daily News*, boasting a large circulation in Michigan and Wisconsin as well as in its own Illinois, recalls that "during the years when national Prohibition sentiment was in the ascendant in the United States, Michigan was perhaps the hottest spot in all the broad terrain over which wets and drys fought their bitter war."

Last November the Prohibition tide, as foreshadowed by the DIGEST poll, had turned, and Michigan voters knocked out their State's dry law by the decisive vote of 1,022,568 to 475,265.

And on April 3, Michigan voted three to one for repeal in selecting delegates to the convention which met to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. Out of 100 delegates elected from legislative districts, only one dry was chosen. And so, remarks the Grand Rapids *Press:*

"For good or ill, Michigan has decided that it is safe to leave the public's protection against saloons and the liquor traffic to the individual States. Only three or four years ago such a result would have been scoffed down as incredible."

In Wisconsin, the Convention is unanimously wet, since the delegates are chosen on a single ticket.

How "The Digest" Foretold the Repeal Vote

IN MICHIGAN

"Your poll told the story."—*Grand Rapids Press.*

"The figures are a fair commentary on the honesty of The Literary Digest's efforts to get at the truth and support the contention that in this as in other national polls undertaken, The Digest's returns are almost as valid as the plebiscite itself."—*Detroit News.*

Michigan voted 78.05% for repeal in Digest 1932 poll.
Michigan voted 75.48% for repeal on April 3, 1933.
Actual figures: For repeal, 834,675
Against, 271,050
Returns 92.10% complete.

IN WISCONSIN

"The Digest scores another bull's-eye in Wisconsin on its Prohibition poll. The accurate Wisconsin forecast on repeal is a high mark in pre-election polling." —*Madison Capital Times.*

"Again The Digest has demonstrated the thoroughness, representative character and reliability of its straw ballots on wet and dry Presidential sentiment." —*Oshkosh Daily Northwestern.*

Wisconsin voted 84.23% for repeal in Digest 1932 poll.
Wisconsin voted 78.99% for repeal on April 4, 1933.
Actual figures: For repeal, 601,328
Against, 159,897

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The Labor Army Takes the Field

THE FIVE THOUSAND UNEMPLOYED MEN who stormed Boston's Federal Building to enlist in the Federal conservation corps seem to the Springfield *Republican* a rather "effective answer to all academic or theoretical objections to the Government's emergency labor policy."

At any rate, further criticism must await actual results, for this labor army is actually taking the field. Robert Fechner, tall and square-jawed, an experienced labor-union leader from New England, is at work—we might call him the actual commander of the army.

He coordinates the aid offered by the War, Interior, and Agriculture Departments. The men are now being enrolled, each of the large cities sending a quota of selected men from the many thousands of applicants, to make up the first twenty-five thousand.

The men take an oath to remain in the service six months unless released earlier. They go first to regular United States Army camps, to be examined physically, instructed in their work, and outfitted with clothes. Then they go, in groups of one or two hundred, to hundreds of work-camps in the national forests. There they will work for one dollar a day and their keep. Long before summer begins the entire force of 250,000 are expected to be on the job.

It will be remembered that after President Roosevelt put the plan before Congress, it was severely criticized by William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, as "smacking of Fascism, Hitlerism, and in some respects of Sovietism." But various amendments in Congress and certain reassurances from the White House satisfied Mr. Green, altho Norman Thomas, former Socialist candidate for the Presidency, says in *The Nation*, that "such work-camps fit into the psychology of a Fascist, not a Socialist State."

Keystone

Commands the Labor Army

Robert Fechner, Director of Conservation Relief Work.

But, for the most part, the press are inclined to agree with President Roosevelt, who calls the Reforestation Act a "double-header"—

"We kill two birds with one stone. We give relief where it is needed and work at the same time."

IT is two other birds that Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell of the Department of Agriculture sees: "The forests need the men, and the men need the work the forests offer."

From the man angle Ralph West Robey, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, says that labor should support this project "as an economical way to meet the unemployment problem, pending the time that increased business activity enables those out of a job to be put to work." According to the New York *American*, it "will offer a vastly superior alternative to thousands of homeless young men, who have been hitch-hiking and riding freight-cars around the country."

From the conservation angle the Atlanta *Journal* points out that the actual activities of this labor army will include:

"The thinning and pruning of stands of timber to promote better growth; the building of roads, trails, fire-breaks, lookout towers, telephone lines, and other safeguards against fire, the control of soil erosion and of tree-attacking insects and diseases; the reforesting, to an extent, of barren lands; and the protection of those strategic watersheds on which the future both of industry and of agriculture vitally depend."

A Shorter Work Week to Make Jobs

"PROBABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT measure from both a constitutional and a humanitarian view-point which has been introduced in this body in some years."

This is Senator Borah's characterization of the Black bill, which, as originally sponsored by Senator Hugo L. Black of Alabama, would impose a working week of not more than five six-hour days in any "mine, quarry, mill, cannery, workshop, factory or manufacturing establishment" which sells its product in interstate or foreign commerce.

As a two-year emergency measure, with exemptions, including executives, periodicals, and canneries dealing in perishable goods, it passed the Senate by a 53 to 30 vote, and went to the House where a similar bill had been reported favorably.

Its advocates say it would put 6,000,000 of our 12,000,000 unemployed to work.

Its opponents attack it as unconstitutional, a revolutionary and dangerous departure from American tradition, and an experiment likely to prove so upsetting to industry as to increase rather than diminish unemployment.

"In favor of such an enactment is the verdict of most responsible economists that the only escape from the dilemma of permanent unemployment arising from greatly increased machine efficiency is the employment of all labor for shorter periods, instead of the employment of a fraction of labor for longer periods," remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot;* but it adds: "Unless this measure were accompanied by a minimum-wage law, its first effect might be to reduce the income of the individual worker roughly in the proportion of the curtailment of his working time."

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, names the general application of the six-hour day and five-day work-week as one of the steps essential to the solution of the unemployment problem; and the International Labor Office reports that wherever the shorter working week has been tried it has improved conditions. Says the New York *Daily News:*

"We're not sure this is the remedy; nobody can be sure. But we'd like to see it tried.

"To employers who fear this change, it can at least be said that six-hour shifts would be much more easily handled than seven-hour shifts, since in continuous employment there could be four shifts a day and no lunch hours during shifts. To workers who fear the wage reductions which may easily come about at first, it seems to us the answer is that a mere living wage is better for any man than living on doles or bread lines."

BUT while shorter working hours may be desirable, say many editors, it is not desirable to have them imposed by Congress. "It is one thing to popularize this remedy and pave the way for its adoption by voluntary action and quite another to make it mandatory through Congressional legislation," declares the New York *Herald Tribune*, which thinks the Black bill would be a step toward "a Socialist regimentation in the Moscow manner." 'The alleged economic benefits of the Black bill appear to be entirely illusory," remarks the New York *Journal of Commerce;* "it would add nothing to the total volume of working-class income, since the bill does not, and of course could not, compel employers to increase their labor payments per hour worked in order to prevent a decrease in earnings of those employed."

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Easing the Old Farm Mortgage

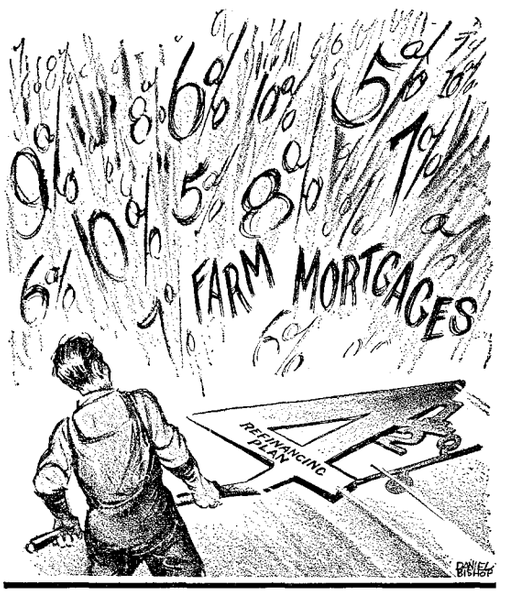
ONE OF THE FROSTIEST of the frozen assets in the banks of the farm-belt is the well-known mortgage on the old farm.

Its chilblains rack the farmer, the banker, the lawmaker, and the national Administration at Washington.

All are anxious to thaw it into a liquid state.

The latest effort takes form in President Roosevelt's $2,000,000,000 refinancing plan. It aims to reduce the interest, readjust the principal to a lower figure, postpone the date of repayment, and relieve the farmer's mind of that much worry.

Everybody admits that the plan is complicated. But an apparent majority of editors agree with the Washington *News* that "the Roosevelt Administration has gone to the root of the farm problem," and that by offering "definite help to distrest farmers" it promises to stabilize the whole mortgage market.



Slashing Down the Weeds

—Bishop in the St. Louis "Star and Times."

Showing the size of the problem now being tackled, press dispatches from Washington tell us that about 40 per cent. of our farmers are carrying mortgages and the total of farm mortgages outstanding is estimated at the enormous sum of $8,500,000,000. To-day the farmer is paying a high interest rate on a debt incurred on land whose value has slumped. To make his predicament worse, his income has been slashed through the drop in the price of the things he sells.

"I seek," said the President in his message to Congress, "an end to the threatened loss of homes and productive capacity, now faced by hundreds of thousands of American farm families." This he would accomplish by "a more equitable readjustment of the principal of the debt, a reduction of interest rates, which in many cases are so unconscionably high as to be contrary to a sound public policy, and, by a temporary readjustment of amortization, to give sufficient time to farmers to restore to them the hope of ultimate free ownership of their own land."

SAYING that the legislation "will not impose a heavy burden upon the Treasury," the President gave assurance that he would ask similar relief for the small home owners of the nation.

Under the Administration plan, the interest rate to be paid by the farmer is not to exceed 4½ per cent. As Theodore C. Wallen explains the proposal in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Briefly, the President's program for dealing with the farm mortgages handles them through the Government's new loan set-up by means of an issue of 4 per cent. Federal Land Bank bonds not in excess of $2,000,000,000 designed to make new loans or exchange the bonds for outstanding mortgages.

"The land banks would lift the mortgage burden either by buying first mortgages within their districts or by exchanging the bonds for mortgages on a basis of 50 per cent. of the normal land value of the farm, plus 20 per cent. of the improvement value. The cheaper method would be followed. The limit of the amount of loans is $50,000."

Among the papers which are dubious about the plan is the Denver *Post*, which says that "until produce prices are increased materially, farmers can't sell their crops for enough to pay even the reduced interest on the new farm-mortgage bonds."

But the Kansas City *Star*, speaking for a great agricultural section, points out that "with the burden of taxes and debts reduced, the sharp edge will be taken off the farm problem. Then the farmer will be in a position to get by, pending a rise in prices which will come with business recovery."

That "Gag Bill" Shocks the Press

NOTHING STIRS UP THE PRESS like a blow at its ancient liberties.

So even the friendly newspaper disposition toward the Roosevelt Administration failed to mute the shrill chorus of alarmed editorial protest, when all unheralded and unannounced there was reported to the House of Representatives—and meekly swallowed by that body—a bill to penalize pilferers and publishers of "secret" government papers.

The explanation that the Administration wanted it vanished into the thinnest of District of Columbia atmosphere.

Soft-spoken State Secretary Cordell Hull gently expostulated that the very idea of "muzzling the press" was revolting and repugnant to him, as well as quite contrary to all the views of the Administration. Promptly House leaders admitted they had been a bit too hasty. Senate leaders just as promptly went to work to modify this bill, which would have punished most severely publication of almost any government material "obtained without authorization of competent authority." It was indicated that any legislation would probably simmer down into something forbidding breaches of confidence by government employees and taking precautions against publication of important communications between governments. Incidentally, it was privately suggested in Washington that the real purpose of the original House bill was to restrain forthcoming publication of diplomatic correspondence involving relations between the United States and Japan.

It seemed to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that such a law would hardly have been asked for without some justification, while the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* characterized it as "a much-needed law," provided that there were proper safeguards to protect the innocent.

BUT "shocking" is the best word to describe the general impression made on the press. It is impossible for the Detroit *News* to "imagine any government secret, any knowledge in possession of the Government, no matter how dangerous, which, if revealed, would have such explosive and ruinous possibilities as this attack on a basic right of the people." "A serious abridgement of the freedom of the press," the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* called it. If literally interpreted, according to the Baltimore *Sun*, it would have prevented the publication of all news except the "handouts" issued by government officials. "With such a gag law," says the Washington *News*, "the State Department could have prevented the exposes at various times of its imperialism in Mexico and Caribbean countries; the Harding Administration could have stopt the Teapot Dome revelations."

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The Fight Against the Beer Politician

"BLUNDERING GREED IMPERILS liquor reform.

"Political beer grab schemes are filling the ammunition-chests of the drys for the repeal battle."

That jolt for the wets is delivered by the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, expressing the sudden alarm felt by many papers and leading foes of Prohibition as they watch the States scramble to put through beer control and tax legislation.

"The whole thing is bedeviled by politics." Such was the situation in New York, "the wettest State," said Alfred E. Smith, outstanding enemy of Prohibition, as he threw his strength to Governor Lehman in the Governor's beer-bill battle with the Legislature.

Will the injection of politics bring back old evils of the saloon era? If so, what chance will repeal have?

In a short time the whole situation seems to have changed. Wets, jubilant when Congress voted 3.2 per cent. beer, are fearful now that abuses will creep in and help the drys in the repeal fight.

"What a 'break' that 3.2 beer bill has been for the drys!" exclaims *The Evening Public Ledger*.

"In one State capital after another," it adds, "the brewers, the legislators, and the politicians have been making plain, ordinary, unadulterated fools of themselves"—

"They have been snatching for graft and power; pulling out all the old tricks from the old bag, mouthing about the 'poor workingman' and otherwise conducting themselves as we should have known they would about liquor legislation, if our memories were not so short.

"Meanwhile the drys don't even have to sit up and take notice. The pompous lawmakers and the liquor lobbyists are doing a neat job for them. All the drys need to do, the way things are going, is wait and watch and shove a little more rope toward the eager beer promoters."

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The First Good Laugh He's Had for Months

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

SUCH, too, were the fears of Governor Lehman as he fought with the Legislature while the whole country watched to see what sort of legislation New York would evolve. First the Governor addrest the Assembly in person to insist that beer control be kept out of partizan politics by investing it in a State board appointed by the Governor on recommendations of leading civic organizations, rather than in county boards.

Then, unable to get action, Mr. Lehman went over the heads of the legislators to address their constituents by radio.

Assailing the "old-time lobbyists of the liquor interests who have appeared on Capitol Hill," he uttered this warning:

"If we in New York permit the old alliance between liquor and politics which plagued this State in the old days, if we permit the return of innumerable saloons to carry on this trade in its old way, I am convinced that there is little hope of early repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

"If New York were to permit a return of these old evils and old abuses, a great many of the States now waiting to ratify the amendment might well urge the conclusion that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would mean merely a resumption of the old scandals."

Gleefully, the drys convert such warnings into ammunition for the repeal fight.

These "frantic appeals for moderation," said Dr. F. Scott McBride, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, "in the face of the threatening deluge of nominally non-intoxicating beer, reveal the hopelessness of restraining either avaricious brewers or strong beer enthusiasts once Prohibition bars are let down and beer bars are put up."

"In the record of ruthless liquor politics," Dr. McBride adds, "there is no worse example of cold-blooded manipulation than this present wet policy." And in conclusion:

"The Anti-Saloon League gratefully welcomes the cooperation given by the present wet spokesmen. Their warnings against the possible evils of party-pressure 'non-intoxicating beer,' and their announced wish to make liquor behave only long enough to permit its unrestricted restoration, will help the drys prevent repeal."

AND many a wet fears that this may be the case.

"It is not to be overlooked," remarks the Savannah *News*, "that there is still a tremendous spirit of opposition to alcoholic drinks in this country" and "the mass of American people can easily become disgusted by beer excesses." Saying that "moderation was absent from the Prohibition side of the controversy," *The News* also finds that "moderation seems to have been forgotten by the wets in their hour of triumph."

With the return of beer "liquor is on probation," says the Boston *Herald*, adding that "if we find that we can enjoy beer in an adult, civilized manner, most people will be glad to proceed further." But "if some of us prove unable to keep our heads on a 3.2 per cent. drink, many will feel that it is foolish to allow anything stronger. The next year or two will be a period of probation and trial."

Typical of the warnings sounded by the wets is that of Claude G. Bowers, recently appointed by President Roosevelt as Ambassador to Spain. Writing in the New York *Evening Journal*, Mr. Bowers first reminds us that "there would have been no Prohibition but for the scandalous conduct of the liquor business; the competition of the breweries in the retail business; the use of saloons for political purposes." Then:

"It is the business of the breweries to make beer and sell it to the retail trade; and it is not their business to dictate the laws under which they shall operate. And just now the politicians will serve the cause of decent liberality by keeping their hands off."

Warning that thirteen States can prevent repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, Mr. Bowers goes on:

"If, in the meantime, the people see, through the legalized manufacture and sale of beer, that we are headed straight back to the old scandalous conditions that made Prohibitionists out of hundreds of thousands of liberals, hundreds of thousands now in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will change their minds.

"Whether there is a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, or not, depends very largely on what kind of laws and regulations are adopted in reference to the sale of beer."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

HONESTY is also the best politics.—*Boston Post.*

AND they called T. R. a rough rider!—*Chicago Daily News.*

IN some theaters there is nothing reserved except the seats. —*Florida Times-Union.*

ANOTHER thing business seems to need at present is more outlet and less let out.—*Boston Herald.*

HITLER'S new power seems to have gone to his head and may lead to defeat.—*Thief River Falls Times.*

IN connection with the craze of the fairer sex for wearing pants, our stand simply is that it is O. K. for them to wear pants, but we think that they shouldn't show.—*Lindale News.*

CONGRESS fixt the alcoholic content of beer—but not the political content. — *Winston-Salem Journal.*

JAPAN will keep the League of Nations' islands, but will send back the string they were tied up with.—*Dallas News.*

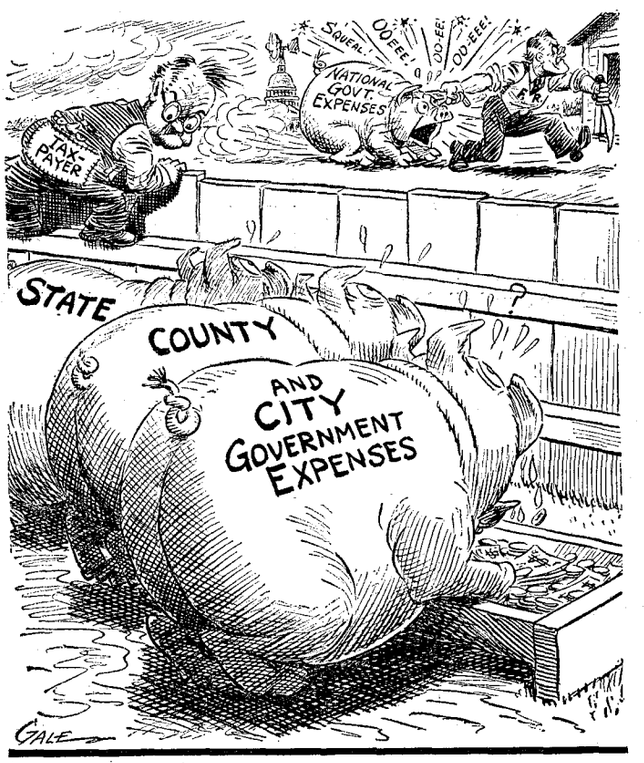
THE limitation-of-arms conference will pass into history noted chiefly for its own limitations.—*New Orleans States.*

SEEMS to us that New Jersey man who confest he has three wives might properly be accused of hoarding. — *Nyack Journal-News.*

THE way to travel around the world as inconspicuously as possible, would be to be Mrs. George Bernard Shaw.—*San Diego Union.*

WHEN a banker admits that he uses the money of his depositors to speculate, he might just as well leave off the "s."—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

GEN. HO YING-CHING, new military overlord of North China, says: "China's policy of resistance to the Japanese invasion remains unchanged." That certainly makes it easy for the Japs.—*Fredericksburg Free Lance-Star.*



"So It Can Be Done, Hey?"
—Gale in the Los Angeles "Times."

"THE present crisis," says Walter Lippmann, "is a good crisis." All right, Walter, you take it.—*Macon Telegraph.*

WE are an idealistic people, and the need of jobs may yet cause ratification of the Amendment to forbid child labor.—*Harrisburg News.*

IN the view of the office-holders, President Roosevelt will have to do a whale of a lot of reforestation to offset his ax work elsewhere.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ACCORDING to the newest of the magazines in our dentist's outer office, business was never better and 1928 may prove an even bigger year.—*Tyler Daily Courier-Times.*

FOR demanding money with threats, a man was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. We sincerely hope this catches the eye of our income-tax collector.—*The Humorist (London).*

"MORE than anything else, this country needs the services of optimists," declares a government official at Washington. Why not draft the movie-ad writers?—*Atlanta Journal.*

OUT of the picture, yet always at Roosevelt's elbow, is a wise little man by the name of Col. Lewis Howe. Many have wondered how it is that Roosevelt side-steps all political pitfalls and proceeds with such swift, uncanny accuracy. We don't know, but we think it is because he knows Howe.—*Fredericksburg Free Lance-Star.*

THE new deal started off with the jack left out.—*Judge.*

REPUBLICANISM—unmade in Germany.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A DEFENDANT'S idea of a grand jury is the one that says "not guilty."—*Chicago Times.*

HITLER now has the power of a Mussolini in all regions except above the ears.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

YOU can say one thing for a bandit. He doesn't hide behind a securities affiliate when he robs people.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

A LABOR leader criticized the Civilian Construction Corps as too Communistic, and a Communist called it a capitalist scheme. It must be better than we thought.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THE "passing generation" is so called because of the debts it is passing along to the next. —*Dunbar's Weekly.*

WHEN it comes to computing the cost of war, the pension is also mightier than the sword. —*The Brunswick Pilot.*

THE only jig-saw puzzle that nobody has yet been able to assemble correctly is the map of Europe.—*Buffalo News.*

THINGS could be far worse. Just suppose, for instance, that all the sure cures for the depression had been tried out!—*Louisville Times.*

THE *Congressional Record* is one publication that could reduce expenses by cutting out the advertising.—*Thief River Falls Times.*

ALL kinds of social knowledge and graces are useful, but one of the best is to be able to yawn with your mouth closed.—*Farm Journal (Philadelphia).*

EX-PRESIDENT HOOVER has announced that he will not follow the precedent of other Presidents and take up writing for the papers and magazines. In other words, he will not revert to type.—*The Brunswick Pilot.*

BANDIT: A man who wants what you have. Also, in the Orient, a man who has what you want.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

SOME of our leading politicians don't know whether they're back of the President, or whether he just managed to get ahead of them.—*San Diego Union.*

THE sort of turnover many would delight to witness in Germany just now would feature Herr Hitler with a knee under him and a shingle above.—*Boston Herald.*

MOST of us reach the conclusion, sooner or later, that very little of the matter over which the mind has control goes into the composition of a golf-ball.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

MILK in Wisconsin is now a public utility by legislative edict. That raises the question, how are you going to classify the cow? Perhaps as a holding company.—*St. Louis Star and Times.*

HERR HITLER, talking through his comical mustache, says that if the Jews will only be patient, in a short time they will not complain. That's what they're afraid of.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MADAME ROSIKA SCHWIMMER is telling this one: She was refused American citizenship, some time back, because she refused to bear arms in defense of the country. "On the same day the court denied me citizenship," she says, "the same court granted citizenship to Zangara because he said he would bear arms—and look what he did with them."—*Macon Telegraph.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The Threat of an Anglo-Soviet Trade War

"THO I AM THE FIRST British Ambassador to reopen negotiations with you, there is good prospect of my being the one to close them."

In these brusk terms Sir Esmond Ovey addrest Foreign Commissar Litvinoff at Moscow before his sudden return to London by request of the British Government.

Rather small in stature, with broad shoulders and piercing blue eyes, son-in-law of an American Admiral, Sir Esmond, a diplomat of long experience, who speaks Russian fluently, faced the Foreign Commissar.

Underwood & Underwood

"Morbid Hysteria"

Is the Soviet state of mind in fear of a conspiring world, says Sir Esmond Ovey, the British Ambassador retiring from Moscow.

He reopened negotiations in 1927 after Anglo-British relations were broken off.

Now he was particularly incensed because of the arrest in Moscow of six British engineers, employees of the British Metropolitan-Vickers Engineering Company, charged with sabotage. Five were released on bail, but release of the sixth was rejected by the Soviet Government.

By way of reprisal a possible total embargo on Russian imports into Britain was proposed in a bill introduced into the House of Commons by Prime Minister MacDonald.

So an Anglo-Soviet trade war seems inevitable to some London press correspondents. They point out that Great Britain already has suspended negotiations for a new trade treaty with Russia when the present one expires April 17th.

The Soviet Embassy at London told the United Press that if passage of the Enabling Act resulted in an embargo on Russian imports, Moscow would cease making purchases in Britain. Also a spokesman at the Embassy is quoted as saying: "Adoption of the Enabling Act certainly will not prevent trial of the Metropolitan-Vickers employees."

But Sir John Simon, Britain's Foreign Secretary, declared in the House of Commons that arming the Government with the special powers embodied in the Enabling Act "is the only way we can secure the men a fair trial," and he added:

"I know of no other way we can bring home to the deluded inhabitants of Soviet Russia what is going on."

The charges made by the Soviet Government against the men accused include military and economic espionage, wrecking machinery, and bribery. Alan Monkhouse, Moscow director for the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, Ltd., and a subordinate, Charles Nordwell, according to Moscow Associated Press dispatches, are indicted for military and economic espionage, "fostering wrecking activities," and bribery. The other four British subjects arrested are John Cushny, W. H. Macdonald, W. H. Thornton, and a technician named Gregory.

In a telegram of protest to London before his recall, Sir Esmond Ovey declared:

"It is inconceivable that the Soviet Government can produce credible evidence of any criminal malpractise on the part of the company. There may conceivably be, of course, some minor question of insignificant douceurs (favors), tipping or presents which may consequently be distorted into 'bribes.'

"The Soviet Ambassador in London should be frankly warned that if his Government wishes to continue friendly relations with his Majesty's Government, it must refrain from being drawn by excessive zeal on the part of police into permitting trumped-up frivolous, and fantastic accusations."

Following this telegram, Sir Esmond communicated with Sir John Simon, Foreign Secretary, by telephone, and he is quoted, in the White Paper containing the diplomatic exchanges with the Soviet Government, as saying that:

"The principal danger of the situation seems to be that these people are completely unable to see themselves in any other light than that of an aggrieved power struggling for noble ideals against a world of political, financial, and commercial conspirators. This feeling has reached a stage of morbid hysteria."

Not all the British press are in accord with the action of the British Government in threatening a trade embargo. This is shown by editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST. Thus the Manchester *Guardian* (Lib.) observes sarcastically:

"Here are men charged with military and economic espionage, bribery and wrecking activities, and the Home Government, without awaiting any evidence, much less a verdict, prepares an economic war.

"This crude conclusion will be drawn from the embargo, which is the equivalent of what, in the case of a small State, would have been a gun-boat."

Then the Conservative London *Daily Telegraph* expresses the fear of criticism against the British for setting up an embargo because Englishmen are under charges, and it avers:

"It will certainly be said in Russia that the British Government is taking means to put pressure on the Soviet court.

"There will be general gratification if it becomes unnecessary to use these special powers, but that depends upon the trial itself, the fairness of the proceedings, the relevance of the evidence, and the final results."

But the London *Daily Mail* (Ind. Cons.) brandishes the big stick and declares that "if the prospect of an embargo does not compel Moscow to climb down, the Ministers must be ready with even more drastic measures."

Approving the Government for having broken off trade negotiations with the Soviets, the London *Times* (Ind.) is convinced:

"The Government has been given the clearest proof that no useful purpose can be served by trade negotiations if British subjects engaged in work in Russia are liable to be treated as the Metro-Vickers men were treated."

Indeed, whether it profits Britain in any way to have dealings with Soviet Russia, is the question in the mind of the aristocratic London *Morning Post*, as it reflects:

"The embargo seems to be the only promising procedure under the circumstances. It may be 'crude,' but it is more likely to be effective than the pleasant habit of writing diplomatic notes.

"We ought to face the question whether it is in accord with our dignity and to our profit to maintain any manner of relations, either trade or diplomatic, with the U. S. S. R."

Equally distrustful of the Soviets is the London *Daily Express* (Ind. Cons.), which bluntly asserts that "the Government is taking the only wise and just and effective course to compel respect for British nationals from a Government of savages."

But after all, Great Britain does not wish to break with Russia, notes one London press correspondent, Raymond Gram Swing of the New York *Evening Post*, who tells us that what she wants is to save British engineers from being victims of Russian "justice," and he continues:

"And Sir John Simon wants to bolster up his reputation as

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Foreign Secretary with a victory over Moscow. In Sir Esmond Ovey, the British Ambassador at Moscow, he has the traditional 'high hat' Ambassador, a man renowned at Moscow for his sense of superiority and for lack of sympathy with the Soviet régime.

"A more sympathetic Ambassador at Moscow and a gentler hand at Whitehall would have been much more successful in saving the British engineers than the Simon-Ovey combination.

"Instead of an easy victory, Sir John Simon now has to see the British engineers actually brought to trial, and he is vested only with powers to punish Russia if the trial—which is going to be public—is a palpable farce.

"And he is not strengthened in his position by taking the unprecedented stand of trying to judge by diplomatic measures the innocence and guilt of British subjects arrested abroad."

What Manchuria Means to Japan

MANCHURIA WILL not solve Japan's perennial problem of surplus population.

For the Japanese emigrating into Manchuria must compete with an estimated population of 35,000,000, which is accustomed to a much lower scale of living than prevails in Japan.

This is the contention of a well-informed commentator on Oriental topics, H. G. W. Woodhead, who cites, as proof that the Japanese do not naturally drift into Manchuria, the fact that altho Japan has had virtual control over a large area in South Manchuria for twenty-eight years only about 113,000 of her Nationals live in the Three Eastern Provinces.

There are 600,000 Koreans in Manchuria, but they have migrated thither, Mr. Woodhead informs us in the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, because they can compete even with the Chinese when it comes to a standard of living. So he tells us:

"It does not seem probable, therefore, that Manchuria, as an independent State under Japanese patronage—or even as a protectorate—will afford an outlet for Japan's surplus population. Even in Chosen (Korea), formally annexed in 1910, there are to-day less than half a million Japanese settlers, which is less than 50 per cent. of annual increase in Japan's population.

"Manchuria will constitute a reservoir from which she can draw foodstuffs, raw materials, fuel, minerals, etc., in which Japan is deficient, or which she needs to maintain her growing industries. This, however, would only constitute a partial and possibly temporary solution of Japan's population difficulties. Her rulers will still be looking for outlets for large-scale emigration, unless means can be found to keep the population more or less stationary during the coming generation.

"But as long as the white races continue to bar Japanese emigration, as a solution of the problems now so perplexing to Japan's statesmen, they can not escape some measure of responsibility if Japan seeks relief in some other direction.

"Exploitation of Manchuria's natural resources is regarded in Tokyo as an alternative to a definite outlet for Japan's surplus population. It may not prove a satisfactory alternative; time alone can show.

"But if the major Powers unite in condemnation of Japan for attempting it, they ought surely to endeavor to find another practical solution. Japan must, willingly or no, remain a menace to the peace of the Far East until the problem of the maintenance of, or an outlet for, her growing population is solved."

A German Slant

The Bear and the Bulldog at Bay.

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

Conflicting Stories of Soviet "Famine"

"THERE IS NO BREAD. We are dying!"

This is the cry one witness of the "famine" in Soviet Russia says he heard everywhere as he walked through villages and investigated twelve collective farms.

He is Gareth Jones, a former Secretary of David Lloyd-George, and, as quoted in Berlin press cables, he declares the cry is rising from all parts of Russia—from the Volga district, from Siberia, from White Russia, from Central Asia and from the Ukraine black dirt country.

But his story is flatly contradicted by some other correspondents, living permanently in Russia, and also by an official statement of the Soviet Government issued at Moscow.

There has been a serious food shortage, officials admit, according to a Moscow Associated Press dispatch, yet tales that thousands are dying of starvation are branded as "nonsensical." Actual famine does not exist, the Soviet Government avers, altho the food shortage has been serious even in the chief agricultural areas of the North Caucasus and the Ukraine, and indications are that wide-spread privation will prevail at least until the next harvest.

BUT Soviet newspapers, including the official *Pravda*, related about the middle of March, that seventy high officials of the People's Commissariat for Agriculture had been arrested in Moscow. Thirty-five of them were executed, while the others received varying lesser sentences. *Pravda* informs us that they had been found guilty of "counter-revolution through malignant and deliberate sabotage of agriculture in the Ukraine, in the Northern Caucasus, and in White Russia."

Anti-Soviet Russian newspapers published outside the Soviet Union naturally disagree with the reports of Soviet Government officials about the so-called famine conditions. *Dni*, for instance, the moderate Socialist Russian weekly edited in Paris by A. F. Kerensky, former Premier of Russia's Provisional Government, prints a letter from its secret correspondent in Moscow in which we read:

"In the Volga regions, in the Ukraine, and in the Northern Caucasus one now sees what one saw there during the famine of 1921, with this difference, that, in 1921, people starved and died passively and silently, while now the spirit of hunger riots dominates among them.

"They attack trains transporting food supplies, destroy and burn the government food stores, and between those of them who are starving and those who are relatively well fed a pitiless, cruel struggle is going on.

"The local Soviet authorities in the provinces have completely lost their heads.

"The orders which they receive from the central Government are obviously senseless.

"Not to carry them out means to run the risk of being upbraided; to carry them out may mean to be punished later on —when their absurdity becomes obvious—for 'deliberate sabotage and counter-revolution.'"

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The British Air Conquest of Mount Everest

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN has surrendered to the all-conquering airplane.

In this tone of rejoicing British editors greet the news of the successful flight of the Houston-Everest aerial expedition in the Himalayas when, for the first time in the world's history, men flew over Mount Everest, the highest known mountain on earth, 29,141 feet above sea-level.

Several mountaineering expeditions have attempted the ascent of Everest, we are reminded, and the latest of them is now moving slowly from Darjeeling toward the final assault, expected about the middle of May.

Wide World

For the First Time in History

Men looked down on Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, toward which Indian natives look up as the unapproachable abode of their gods.

But no one before thought of "taking an airplane over the roof of the world," and as the Manchester *Guardian* asks in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST—

"What strange account will the adventurers bring back of Everest and its great south face, as no living eye has ever seen it? What strange photographs have they obtained of the unknown Himalayas, observed from a height greater than a bird ever has gone?"

No one really knows what the stupendous south face of Everest looks like at close quarters, this Manchester daily notes, because previous ground expeditions have always approached the mountain on the only side by which it is accessible on land—the north.

"It is an event in aviation's history comparable to the first transatlantic flight," says one British authority, and he adds: "It was equally hazardous and seemingly impossible."

Two big Westland airplanes carrying four men with full equipment flew above Mount Everest and other peaks in the Himalaya range on April 3 to an altitude of 35,000 feet—about 6.6 miles—in 90 minutes. At the peak they found a wind velocity of 60 miles per hour. They reached 6,000 feet higher than the summit of Mount Everest and, as a London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* relates:

"Aboard one of the planes, as pilot, was the Marquess of Clydesdale, M. P., thirty-year-old British sportsman and flight chief of the expedition. With him, as observer, was Lieut.-Col. L. V. Stewart Blacker, of the British Army. In the other plane were Flight Lieut. David F. McIntyre, of the Royal Air Force, and S. R. Bonnett, a motion-picture cameraman."

THE two planes left the ground at 8:25 A. M., and climbed stiffly upward into the haze. Soon began the daring adventure of these intrepid explorers of the air in a region never before ventured into by human kind. They roamed above enormous glaciers and beheld with wondering eyes tremendous precipices, some absolutely perpendicular for thousands of feet.

Right, left, and in front of them peaks appeared covered with snow in which the precipices made black scars. The machines went up into a sky of indescribable blue until they came on a level with the great unconquered Mount Everest.

Returning down steadily, the gleaming semicircle of peaks faded from view, and the victory of the Houston-Everest expedition was assured. As its chief observer, Col. L. D. S. Blacker, expresses it:

"Overriding the winds, man's art has torn a veil from nature's final terrestrial secret. The uttermost peak is no longer."

Among the equipment carried, we are told, were two sets of oxygen apparatus to offset the rarity of the atmosphere at extreme altitudes. Electrically heated clothing also was employed, to combat the intense cold, but Lieutenant McIntyre was found when he returned to be suffering from frost-bite.

A number of photographs were made, showing for the first time the loftiest peaks in the Himalayas as they appear from above.

In the eyes of the natives living in the Himalayas, some editors point out, the airmen who flew over Mount Everest looked down on the very gods. The great mountains in that region of the world are the objects of prayer and sacrifice, and religious restrictions have prevented scientific examination of rock formation, lest the deities of the great peaks be angered and take vengeance on the people who daily look up to them in awe.

Among additional cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST of editorial comment from the English press, we find the London *Times* expressing itself jubilantly:

"Not for nothing has Indian legend surrounded Everest with a sinister demonology. Not for nothing, apart from every other manifestation of storm, mist, and haze, do travelers and climbers remember the mane of snow trailing from the summit.

"It was a glorious achievement that the expedition was able to seize its moment among Everest's shifting moods."

The Morning Post, in common with other journals, is much imprest by the fact that the air conquerors of Mount Everest had an expert motion-picture cameraman with them, and it observes:

"For the first time a close-up picture was taken of Everest's last inviolable snows. The new infra-red photography made possible imposing panoramas and views of the southern face of the mountain which has never been attacked; the vistas of the huge barrier range far beyond anything possible for an earth-bound lens."

But the London *Daily Telegraph* is not too greatly exhilarated. In its view the real conquest of Mount Everest can be accomplished only through mountain-climbers:

"The conquest of the giant still remains to be achieved, and it is possible only by climbing. At the same time, the present flight required courage no less than technical skill."

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The New Day Pilgrims in Procession

Showing the initiates in the pagan religious cult that invades a normal Southern village.

Why "Run, Little Chillun" Runs

SURVIVING THE DOLDRUMS that have afflicted or quenched many minor plays, "Run, Little Chillun" runs on.

It is a play that approaches nearest to expressing the elemental racial character of the Negro of any of the rather numerous recent attempts.

And it was written by a Negro, Hall Johnson.

Critics were shy of it at first, but have been making up for their absences or lukewarmness by return visits resulting in their additions to the original chorus of praise.

The final census, gathered by Robert Garland of *The World-Telegram* (New York), is that "the critics have referred to it as noble and magnificent, superb and orgiastic, startling and ecstatic, savage and appealing, frenzied and moving, elemental and emotional, an example of the group acting the Moscow Art Theater in its heyday could not have improved upon."

Paganism and religion are the contrasting motives in the play, and the famous choir, organized some years ago by Mr. Johnson, supplements the frenetic action of the piece with his music.

JOHN MASON BROWN of *The Evening Post*, who knows his South from being native born, is critical of recent attempts at Negro plays for having "failed to do more than indicate the possibilities of their subject matter." And tho Mr. Johnson displays some of the same shortcomings, he succeeds in other respects where his rivals failed. Thus:

"The play that it presents is in its essence that good old melodrama which has been stuttering for a hearing these many years.

"It is indeed the very same story 'Louisiana' and 'Savage Rhythms' tried to tell. Like them, it has to do with a good Negro who is temporarily led away from the orgies of a revivalist faith by the primitive calls of a jungle religion, but who is eventually snatched from a sinner's arms and saved for the church by a miraculous flash of lightning which removes the seducer (in this case a brazen strumpet) to holier regions than this poor planet knows.

"In the manner of his predecessors, Mr. Johnson has failed to do more than 'indicate the possibilities' of his subject matter.

"His play, like theirs, is not much of a play. Its dialog, in its more plotful moments, is as inadequate as the dialog has always been that has advanced this particular theme. But Mr. Johnson has worked as more than a dramatist.

"He has functioned as something of a pageant master, too.

"Cannily enough, only two of his four scenes are devoted to dramaturgy. The other two are given over to such spectacular and stunning reproductions of his two religious cults at work that they more than make up for whatever defects may mar his playwriting."

THE "excuse and reason for the evening as a whole," we are told, lie in the two religious scenes—"one of which depicts the orgies of the moon-worshiping New Day Pilgrims, and the other of which shows the convulsive and vocal ecstasy which overtakes the members of the Hope Baptist Church during a revival week." Continuing:

"Certainly they offer more than sufficient justification for your hurrying to the Lyric as fast as your legs can carry you. They are two of the most impressive and stirring scenes our theater has disclosed in many a blue moon.

"They are tense with drama, sung with the skill Mr. Johnson alone commands in training Negro choruses in their folk music, accompanied by exciting incidental music which the author has composed and arranged, and directed by Frank Merlin with a skill that is truly astonishing.

"They make every other Negro show which has boasted spirituals or ritualistic dances among its features seem amateurish and inadequate in comparison.

"They are the real thing, at once so overwhelming and enthralling, so abandoned and persuasive, that they force one to recommend 'Run, Little Chillun!' to whatever playgoers may still remain in this hard-pushed town as one of the few things that must be seen, ready cash or no ready cash."

A FEW words about Mr. Johnson, furnished by Mr. Garland:

"Born in Athens, Georgia, forty-five years ago, son of a minister, who later became president of Allen University in Columbia, South Carolina, Mr. Johnson was educated in the South, at the University of Pennsylvania, and at the Institute of Musical Arts in New York City. He knows, you see, what he is doing.

"What is more, he organized the Hall Johnson Negro Choir in December, 1925, an organization which made its début outside of its native Harlem two years later.

"Immediately it achieved a reputation that was undoubtedly its due. And that reputation was not long in spreading across the continent.

"It became a sort of all-American miracle, the kind of miracle that happens to be both good and popular. And if that isn't a miracle, then I don't know a miracle when I see one."

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The Pen's Aid to English Politicians

LITERATURE HAD TO BE INVOKED to save some of England's leading politicians from money embarrassment, if not bankruptcy.

"The pay of politicians when massed into a whole seems impressive," writes Viscount Castlerose in *The Sunday Express* (London), "tho the truth is that taxes and expenses make it precious difficult for a Minister to save anything out of his salary."

Lady Oxford has just sold her Thames-side dwelling, because her husband left too little to provide for her, tho his returns from his writings, as will be seen below, were a comfortable figure.

The Revival At Hope Baptist Church

When the town's outcast woman dies by a stroke of lightning during the services. A thrilling scene in Hall Johnson's "Run, Little Chillun."

Viscount Castlerose gives some figures furnished him, he says, by an "industrious young man," as a result of a "somewhat acrimonious discussion":

"These are the approximate sums drawn from the country by Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Oxford during their years of office.

"Lloyd George heads the list with about £90,700. He was a Cabinet Minister for eighteen years.

"Winston Churchill, who comes next with about £88,000, has held various offices for roughly twenty years.

"Lord Salisbury received about £27,500 in a Cabinet Ministry of thirteen years.

"Lord Oxford received about £72,400 in fourteen years. In addition he made about £30,000 by his writings, all published after he became politically famous.

"He received £12,000 for his 'Memories and Recollections,' £8,000 for his 'Genesis of the War,' and £6,500 for his 'Fifty Years of Parliament.'

"He wrote two other books and also received a large sum for a series of articles in an American magazine.

"Winston Churchill's income from his writings has been enormous.

"His earnings from books and journalism are reliably estimated to be well over £100,000, perhaps £150,000. Most of it has been made in the past ten years.

"He is receiving over £20,000—the highest figure he has ever been paid—for his new book, 'A History of the English-Speaking People.'

"His 'Life of the Duke of Marlborough,' which he is writing, will probably bring him in another £10,000.

"In politics and literature Winston Churchill has probably made £200,000.

"Mr. Lloyd George equally must have made well over £100,000 in journalism, and publishers estimate that he will possibly make nearly £80,000 out of his book."

The Cover

"THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE and blossom as the rose."

Confirmation of Isaiah is easily seen in Mr. Wagoner's painting, which supplies the picture for this week's cover.

The particular scene is Palm Springs in the California desert, and the season brings forth a small pink verbena to carpet the dunes. "Basking in the sun of a warm afternoon," the artist writes, "makes one forget the lack of water and hardships that once tortured the early travelers on their way to the Pacific coast."

Harry B. Wagoner "possest the rare genius to paint the deserts of the Southwest," writes Fred Hogue in the Los Angeles *Times:*

"Illness drove him to the desert—lungs too delicate continuously to inhale the fumes of smoke and gasoline. The desert healed him and fascinated him with her charms.

"Harry Wagoner is a child of the solitudes and the sunlight. He lives 'far from the madding crowd' and never 'makes whoopee,' but loves best to hold solitary communion with the mountains or the deserts of Southern California and Arizona.

"He studied in Paris, visited the museums and cathedrals of Italy, but returned to his desert.

"To those who have never seen the dawn on the desert, who have never slept through the night under the Arizona stars, his canvases will appear unreal, fantastic. It is a mediocre trait of humanity to doubt the existence of what one has not seen."

Musicians Protest to Hitler

ARTURO TOSCANINI and ten other leading conductors and musicians appealed to Chancellor Hitler to cease persecutions of their colleagues in Germany.

Such leading conductors, well known in America, as Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, and Fritz Busch are among those banned by the Nazis. Mr. Toscanini, who is under engagement to conduct certain of Wagner's operas at Baireuth next summer, "not only joined the move but asked that his name be put first among those signing the message."

The New York *Herald Tribune,* commenting on the boycott of Jewish intellectuals, musicians in particular, writes:

"The world of the mind knows no national or racial boundaries, as the eloquent protest headed by the name of Arturo Toscanini bore witness. Baireuth, for example, can not hope to remain the shrine of music, drawing its hundreds of visitors from the whole world, if the artists of any race are to be excluded from its stage.

"The intellectual and artistic influence of Germany has been wide-spread. A community that in this day sets up racial discriminations can not conceivably retain its intellectual supremacy. A philosophy that compels a uniform is not a philosophy. It will be the hope of every admirer of the German mind that this culminating stupidity will be speedily revoked."

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Clashing Creeds Unite to Make 1933 a "Holy Year"

NIGHT DRAPED THE HILLS OF TUSCANY. Shepherds guarding their flocks in mountain fastnesses and thousands of others in half a dozen provinces on both sides of the Apennines, from the Tyrrhenian Sea to the Adriatic, watched and waited in breathless silence.

Suddenly a huge cross blazed in outline against the darkened sky above Senario Hill. In Vatican City, 140 miles away, Pope Pius had prest an electric button, and to all the world that flaming cross announced the inauguration of the Holy Year proclaimed by the Pope to commemorate the nineteenth centenary of the passion, death, and resurrection of Christ. It is, he prays, to be the beginning of a new spiritual era.

Radio stations carried to American listeners the brief invocation. The Rev. John O'Rourke, a New York priest attached to the Vatican staff, described the earlier scenes of the day in Rome, when Pope Pius opened the Holy Door in St. Peter's with a golden hammer, and declared that this "will remain the greatest of all Holy Years." Cardinal legates opened Holy Doors in four other major basilicas, and through them poured thousands of worshipers, eager to receive the papal blessing, imparted to all the world, and to pray with the Pope that the heavy ills of mankind may be removed.

Wide World

Creeds Divide, But Faith Unites

And here, beneath the arches of Radio City Music Hall, Roman Catholics, Protestants and Jews joined in praying for peace at the opening of the Holy Year proclaimed by Pope Pius. The photograph shows a general view of the stage, where the distinguished guests and speakers are seated.

THE Holy Year is more than a season of prayer and penance for those of the Roman Catholic fold. Beneath the sweeping arches of Radio City Music Hall in New York, 7,000 persons—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews—united the following Sunday morning in a ceremony of rededication to old spiritual ideals.

The meeting, known as "The Holy Year Inaugural Holy Hour," had for its key-notes the words of the Pope—"We shall cease not to raise our voice for truth, justice, and humanity"—and of President Roosevelt's Biblical quotation in his inaugural address—"Where there is no vision the people perish." For the time being these thousands of different faiths were of one fold. They heard Cardinal Hayes and former Gov. Alfred E. Smith, spokesmen for the Catholics; Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, representative of the Protestant churches, and Dr. Alexander Lyons, rabbi of Brooklyn, emphasize the essential coincidence of principles in the call of Pope Pius XI for a Holy Year and in the inaugural address of President Roosevelt invoking a return to spiritual values.

They heard pleas for religious, political, and social concord and cooperation, for "increased good-will to our fellow men." They listened to famous singers who forsook other engagements to be present on this inspiring occasion. Millions listened at their radios.

Grover A. Whalen, former Police Commissioner, presided, and introduced Cardinal Hayes, who delivered the invocation. Referring to the fact that the Holy Year had been decreed in commemoration of the nineteenth centenary of the death of Christ, Cardinal Hayes exprest the hope that a "tide of religion will set in" this year. "Like the heart-sore Prodigal of old, we yearn to arise in our extremity and go to Thee, our Father. Our extremity during these days becomes Thy all-merciful opportunity. We hope, in this Holy Year, the golden tide of religion will set in and sweep us on to benediction after benediction in peace and prosperity."

People strained in silence to hear former Gov. Alfred E. Smith's impassioned plea for peace, for the "uprooting of bigotry and oppression — the real seeds of war, born of envy and of hate." The whole world is in trouble, he said, in referring to the Pope's invitation to "every one" to pray each day that through the help of God "we may be relieved of our burdens."

PLEADING especially for the unemployed, Mr. Smith declared:

"They have rights greater than mere charity.

"They have the right to work, and it is the duty of organized society to do everything in its power to provide that work.

"It is the test of civilization and the whole capitalistic system, and we please God when we recognize these human obligations.

"Likewise, let us pray for the removal for some of the causes, specifically mentioned by the Holy Father—war debts. Let us ask that our temporal rulers be inspired with thoughts of mercy and of justice, and that there be exhibited between nations that expression of brotherly love that is demanded as between individuals if we are to have eternal life."

Dr. Cadman agreed that civilization is in jeopardy, tho he finds that the "arrogant self-sufficiency of materialists and skeptics has been silenced by the tardy acknowledgment of organized knowledge that there is a Supreme Mind behind the vastness of the cosmos."

"The bloated Babylon of temporal aggrandizement has collapsed before its architects," he continued. "The anger of nations, fostered by pride, prejudice, and persecution, threatens the destruction of Western civilization. Stript of our foolish pretensions, exposed to the bitter blast of an unparalleled economic and social blizzard, jeopardized by fears within and foes without, when shall the prodigal of humanity return to its God?"

Then saying that, "filled with age-long wisdom in the affairs

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of God, the Pope may well be heeded in his plea that all, no matter of what faith, join in this commemoration," Dr. Cadman declared that "the sole way of escape is the open door for every one who bows before the universal Life Giver. I appeal to the God-fearing, God-loving millions within sound of my voice to be of one heart and one mind, strong in the faith which He bestows as they make their requests known unto Him."

With his mind on the Hitler Government's persecution of German Jews, Rabbi Lyons declared:

"War, more devastating and insidious than actual physical strife, now is being waged in many countries against human society, against religion, against God Himself.

"In Russia, in Mexico, and in what used to be called 'cultured Germany' events show only too clearly what may and must be feared whenever the enemies of all political, social, and religious order raise their ugly banners or spread their nefarious propaganda or resort to actual persecution.

"It is not unusual that all those who wickedly take advantage of general hardship and misery should commence their attack on religion.

"Prejudice, unhappily, is easily aroused. Sadism is innate in the mob spirit. All the great persecutions of history, the massacres, the pogroms, the slaughters have been engineered to provide a smoke-screen for those who are greedy for power and willing to employ any device, no matter how unethical and cruel, to attain their self-centered aims.

"Look to Germany to-day! The smoke of that camouflaging screen of persecuting hysteria betrays the more subtle workings of those who have forgotten conscience in exaggerated, unjust, and ungrateful nationalism."

States Legalizing Gambling for Revenue

RACING ASSOCIATIONS, horse-breeders, bookies, touts and their ilk welcome news that five more States have legalized betting at the races.

Others who love horses and a fair race, but look upon race-track betting as immoral, fear that the extension of the privilege only adds to the means of debauchery.

Ohio, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington, and New Hampshire are the latest States to establish legalized race-track betting systems as a new source of revenue. This makes twelve altogether in which such betting is legal, the others being Florida, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Nevada, Illinois, and Montana.

Pari-mutuel bills have been defeated in Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Indiana, Missouri, Texas, and West Virginia. Gov. H. G. Kump of West Virginia vetoed a bill to legalize mutuels after it had passed both Houses, because the bill did not conform to its title.

Its title was "To Promote the Growing of Blue Grass."

Legislation favoring racing or betting, or both, is pending in eleven other States.

Ohio, among the latest to come up the stretch with a pari-mutuel bill, furnishes a sample of the arguments for race-track betting. There its friends, writes W. C. Howells in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, maintain that the measure will insure not only square racing, but square betting, and will stimulate horse-breeding and afford an added market for farm products and accessories necessary to the sport. The estimated revenue will be about $550,000 annually. The tracks are permitted to retain 10 per cent. of the amounts wagered at pari-mutuels and on betting certificates. The State is to collect from 10 to 20 per cent. of the tracks' shares, based on a sliding scale of the amounts wagered.

Arguing against the bill, Representative Ortha O. Barr declared that it will "put the State into the gambling business," and Representative Forest W. Hall, a minister, said it would "contaminate" county fairs and turn them into "gambling joints."

"We are going to let horses run," he exclaimed. "Why not dogs and jackasses?"

"I have no objection," replied Representative William F. Eirick, a champion of the bill, "if any member of this House wants to enter into contests."

AGITATION for such legalizing of racing and betting, notes *The Christian Observer* (Presbyterian), has been going on for many years without success. "As a result of present economic conditions, however, legislators in their search for new sources of taxation have turned to this form of sport and gambling as a fruitful means of revenue. Estimates as to the amount thus obtainable range from half a million dollars a year in some States to approximately a million dollars a year in others."

Such profit, maintains *The Christian Observer*—published in Louisville, Kentucky, where race-track gambling is legalized—is "only temporary, and is ultimately more than offset by the degradation of citizenship." Moreover, "that gambling is destructive to morals is recognized by our Legislatures to the extent that practically all other forms of it are branded as a felony. To debauch the morals of the people and destroy many of the youth of the land for the sake of raising a million or so each year in taxes would seem to be reenacting the old story of Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage."

Opposition to such legislation pending in Massachusetts, *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty* informs us, is urged by the Massachusetts State Grange, which "has been aroused to the situation, and which, despite profest benefits to agriculture that proponents of the measure assert, is outspoken and determined in its opposition to the bill, and has also been the most active agency in arousing opposition to it. What is needed," says the Boston weekly, "is that the entire Christian constituency should be backing the Massachusetts Federation of Churches and the Grange."

THE scandals of the Louisiana lottery, which "enriched its operators and corrupted politics," should be remembered by the States which are considering the question of legalizing race-track gambling, *The Christian Science Monitor* warns us:

"The State that sells out to the race-track gambling or other immoral interests will find that it has made as bad a bargain as Dr. Faustus.

"Gambling is a recognized vice, an evil which works ill to the individual in many ways and is never beneficial nor constructive. While gambling, even tho legalized, exerts its deleterious effects directly only upon a minority of persons, the extension of a privilege to a special group to prey on the weaknesses of others invariably results in violent injury to the State as a whole.

"Venal and corrupt creatures of such a privileged group may gain positions of power through its influence and in time dominate an entire State government.

"The public treasury, indeed, may gain a few paltry thousands in revenue, but enactment of a race-track gambling law is letting the camel get its head within the door. Those who remember how the beast in the story eventually crowded its master out of his own tent should heed the warning involved and 'not e'en admit the camel's nose.'"

Adversity Filling the Churches

BOOM times were bad times for the churches, according to data contained in the new "Yearbook of American Churches" (Round Table Press), edited by Dr. Herman C. Weber for the Federal Council.

One of Dr. Weber's many charts and graphs reveals the relation between the "business index" and a similar index showing the fluctuations in church membership for the past twenty years, and the Federal Council Bulletin notes that "the fact is so clear as to be inescapable that when business was steadily going up, church membership was steadily going down. At the very point, however, of the crash of the bull market in 1929, church membership immediately showed a sharp rise, and the churches have been showing increases constantly since that time."

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Unnecessary Earthquake Damage

DWELLERS IN EARTHQUAKE ZONES should not put up buildings that are easily shaken down.

This obvious dictum is emphasized by an editorial writer in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York).

It is no longer necessary, he asserts, that earthquakes should wreck cities. That they do so simply testifies to our preference for flimsy construction, which we select for its cheapness.

A California paper, too, the San Diego *Union*, remarks similarly that "in drawing up quake-proof building regulations, it should be remembered that a coat of whitewash is no substitute for sound construction."

We know that another quake will come in due time, but we shut our eyes and "hope for the best," says the writer in the engineering weekly:

"Tho the earth movement at Long Beach seems to have been but moderately violent, it did damage in terms of millions throughout a score of communities. The toll of destruction was due essentially to the insufficient strength of buildings.

"Time was when such destruction was unavoidable. It is no longer so. Knowledge of earthquakes and means of resisting them, while still wofully incomplete, has advanced far enough to permit of realizing a high degree of security. The principles of unity and rigidity of construction, with carefully planned flexibility in special cases, summarize the main essentials of this advance.

"To-day, therefore, it is no longer necessary that earthquakes should wreck cities and kill large numbers of their inhabitants. Such destruction merely reflects human neglect to apply what is known of earthquake resistance. Yet, tho southern California has an earthquake record as long as its history, even the school buildings were constructed with reckless disregard of the danger, as revealed by their wrecking in the recent disaster."

VALUABLE assistance in the promotion of earthquake safety is at hand, we are assured by the writer, in the influence of insurance company and financing authorities. Insurance underwriters have followed the progress of earthquake knowledge closely, and in the case of important buildings in earthquake regions they have demanded that this knowledge be applied. Institutions that lend money for building have in many cases been unwilling to make loans unless earthquake insurance is obtained. He goes on:

"Such financial motives will tend progressively to bring a greater measure of building safety, not alone through better design of new buildings, but also through protective strengthening of existing buildings.

"Safe building is first of all a public responsibility. Adequate regulation must be imposed to assure the safety of the community. Such regulation, moreover, must apply not alone to costly commercial structures, but to the smaller buildings that have contributed most largely to earthquake damage and loss of life."

To a later issue of the same paper, J. J. Ballard contributes the following particulars:

"Examination shows all major structural-frame buildings undamaged as to their essential structural elements. At the same time it was equally well demonstrated that small building construction is not sufficiently controlled by code restriction, and that brick fronts and parapets constitute a glaring weakness and potential death-traps.

"The loss of 120 lives can be almost entirely attributed to falling walls, cornices, and débris from architectural treatments. It was particularly fortunate that the shock did not occur about three hours earlier in the day when the schools would have been in regular session. The collapsed condition of a score of school buildings indicate that, in such a case, the loss of life would have been appalling.

As a full-scale experiment in the resistance of structural frames to a seismic force, the present disturbance stopt short of producing any definite evidence. Frames apparently were not strest over their elastic limit.

"Until a more detailed examination has been made this conclusion applies equally to frames of steel and reenforced concrete.

"Timber construction, consisting of wood frame with stucco exterior, behaved well.

"Brick masonry received a black mark on its record. The glaring weakness was its lack of lateral supporting power and the lack of connection unity. In defense of the material it may be said that many buildings of this type were old; but on the other hand there were examples of new brick structures in bad state of collapse.

Courtesy of *The Engineering News-Record* (New York)

Flimsy Construction Failed

"An outstanding feature of destruction was the wholesale collapse of parapets or front fire walls of one-story brick buildings along business streets. These walls often proved particularly susceptible to earthquake destruction.

"The question of improvement without materially increasing costs is difficult. The first and simplest means is in the improvement of the quality of the brickwork itself. A code provision could increase the proportion of portland cement in the mortar, altho this introduces practical difficulties because masons object to using this type of mortar. A second possibility is to introduce effective ties at the corners and to provide lateral stiffening along the edge of the roof. Reenforced brickwork would seem to offer a third solution.

"It should not be concluded that all brick construction was unsatisfactory. Innumerable single-story brick buildings came through without apparent damage, and there were some outstanding examples of three- and four-story brick-wall structures that showed only minor cracking. However, these serve to emphasize the condition of those that failed.

"A modification from ordinary brick construction that proved helpful was the introduction of a reenforced concrete band, or belt course, usually at the floor line, to act as a tie. This continuous tie member adds stiffness and can be classed as a feature of improved design."

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Is the Hookworm Still With Us?

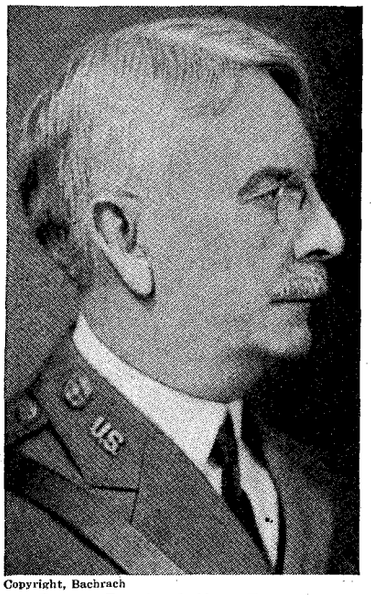
PUBLIC STATEMENTS that it has been practically eradicated in the South are challenged by Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, of Winter Park, Florida.

Dr. Stiles is one of the world's greatest authorities on the subject and was formerly scientific secretary of the Rockefeller Commission on hookworm eradication.

Progress has been made, he says, but much remains to be done, and the fight on the worm should be vigorously kept up.

He writes to *Science* (New York) as follows:

"Since 1930 I have motored about ten thousand miles through the Gulf-Atlantic States, chiefly in the sandland districts. These trips have given me an opportunity to compare present conditions with those of the earlier years of the century and to converse with people of all walks of life.



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Raps Rockefeller Experts

"I take issue with the hookworm experts of 61 Broadway," remarks Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles.

"A striking point in these conversations has been the number of persons who believe that hookworm disease has been eradicated from this country and who cite as authority newspaper reports allegedly based on statements attributed to the Rockefeller Foundation.

"The Thirteenth Annual Report (1927—for 1926) of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation contains in fact (pp. 5–6) the following:

"'At the present time it is fair to say that hookworm disease has almost disappeared from the United States and is rapidly coming under control in many parts of the world.'

"Until recently I had no idea that so many people had taken the Foundation's report seriously, but during these recent trips I had to combat it so frequently that I wrote to Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., placed before him evidence as to the wide distribution of the disease in the Southern States, offered to motor with a representative of his selection in order to collect additional data for him, and urged him to take steps to modify the claim published by the Foundation. My letters were referred to the directors of the International Health Division, but up to date no retraction or modification has come to my attention.

"Rather definite information is available which, unfortunately, and to my profound regret, does not square with this enthusiastic claim.

"In a recent publication (1932) I have summarized the hookworm situation as follows:

"(1) The extreme case known as the 'dirt eater' is much more rare now than from 1902 to 1910. (I have seen less than fifty in the past two years.)

"(2) In general, the cases are much lighter than when the work first began in 1902.

"(3) The disease has been reduced both in intensity and somewhat in extent, but

"(4) The job has not been completed.

"The fundamental problem in hookworm control is not a question of bookkeeping or microscopic examinations, but requires a change in the daily habits of hundreds of thousands of rural whites, Indians, and Negroes.

"Through courtesy of the State Boards of Health I was able to summarize the results of 121,388 recent (1929) examinations in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia; 34,131 of the specimens (or 28.1 per cent.) were 'positive.'

"Otto and Cort have summarzied evidence gathered (in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Florida, and Alabama) by themselves and 'by several members of the International Health Division,' and they conclude that hookworm disease has not almost disappeared from this country.

"Havens, of the Alabama State Board of Health, says that 'in the southern counties of Alabama hookworm control still is a major health problem.'

"During a motor trip of 5,524 miles with one assistant I examined 18,649 white children in ninety-eight graded schools. Six thousand and sixty-three of these children (or 32.5 per cent.) showed symptoms in harmony with hookworm disease; deducting 20 per cent. as theoretical error, the corrected estimate is 26 per cent.

"In five rural schools in one county, I recently examined 429 white pupils, 266 (or 62 per cent.) of whom showed symptoms in harmony with hookworm disease; deducting 20 per cent. as theoretical error, the corrected estimate is 49.6 per cent.

"In view of the foregoing (and other) data I am constrained to take issue with the hookworm experts of 61 Broadway, and to submit that their claim is not 'fair,' in fact, it has done harm in certain localities."

Comets Hit Us Oftener Than We Thought

EVIDENCE that collisions of comets or large meteorites with the earth have occurred much oftener than scientists have imagined and may be expected some day to cause gigantic catastrophes is presented by Dr. L. J. Spencer, meteorite expert of the British Museum, in a recent article in *Nature* (London). Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"At least a half-dozen places now are known where large meteorites or small comets must have struck the ground. One of these fell in Siberia in June, 1908. Another, in Australia, can not have fallen very long ago, since the fire and heat of its arrival are recorded in native legends. Recently two American scientists, Prof. F. A. Melton and Prof. William Schriever, found in North and South Carolina signs of a collision with a large comet a few hundred thousand years ago; an event which undoubtedly would kill most of the population of the United States should it be repeated.

"Dr. Spencer's additional evidence of the relative frequency of such collisions comes from the curious bits of melted glass called 'moldavites' or 'tektites' which geologists have been finding for years scattered over the surfaces of some arid parts of the earth. Comparing these mysterious objects with similar bits of melted glass from the spots where giant meteorites are known to have landed, Dr. Spencer decides that all such fragments probably indicate meteoric collisions, being bits of the local rock or sand melted by the heat of the impact."

Safe Places in Thunder-Storms

NOW that the beginning of the lightning season is near, the question of safe and unsafe places during thunder-storms is in order.

The following hints on the subject were supplied by Dr. Humphreys, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, for the information of Boy Scouts, but they are just as valuable to other people. We quote them from Charles Fitzhugh Talman's Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington):

"During a thunder-storm it is dangerous to be close beside a wire fence. In this position one may be killed or, at least, hurt if the fence is struck anywhere along its entire course.

"It is also dangerous to take shelter during a thunder-storm under a tall tree, or, indeed, a tree of any kind if it is out in the open, and all the more so if it is at or near the top of a hill.

"It is advisable to keep away from the top of a hill during a thunder-storm, even if some distance from trees.

"If Scouts on a hike should happen to be inside a cave during a thunder-storm they would be absolutely safe from the lightning. Another perfectly safe place to be is inside a frame structure of steel, or an all-metal building of any kind. One is tolerably safe also at or near the bottom of a deep narrow ravine or canyon. Properly installed lightning-rods make a house fairly safe during electrical storms and, as a rule, one is safer in a house even if it has no rods at all, than one is likely to be outdoors. It is best indoors to keep away from stoves, fireplaces, and walls."

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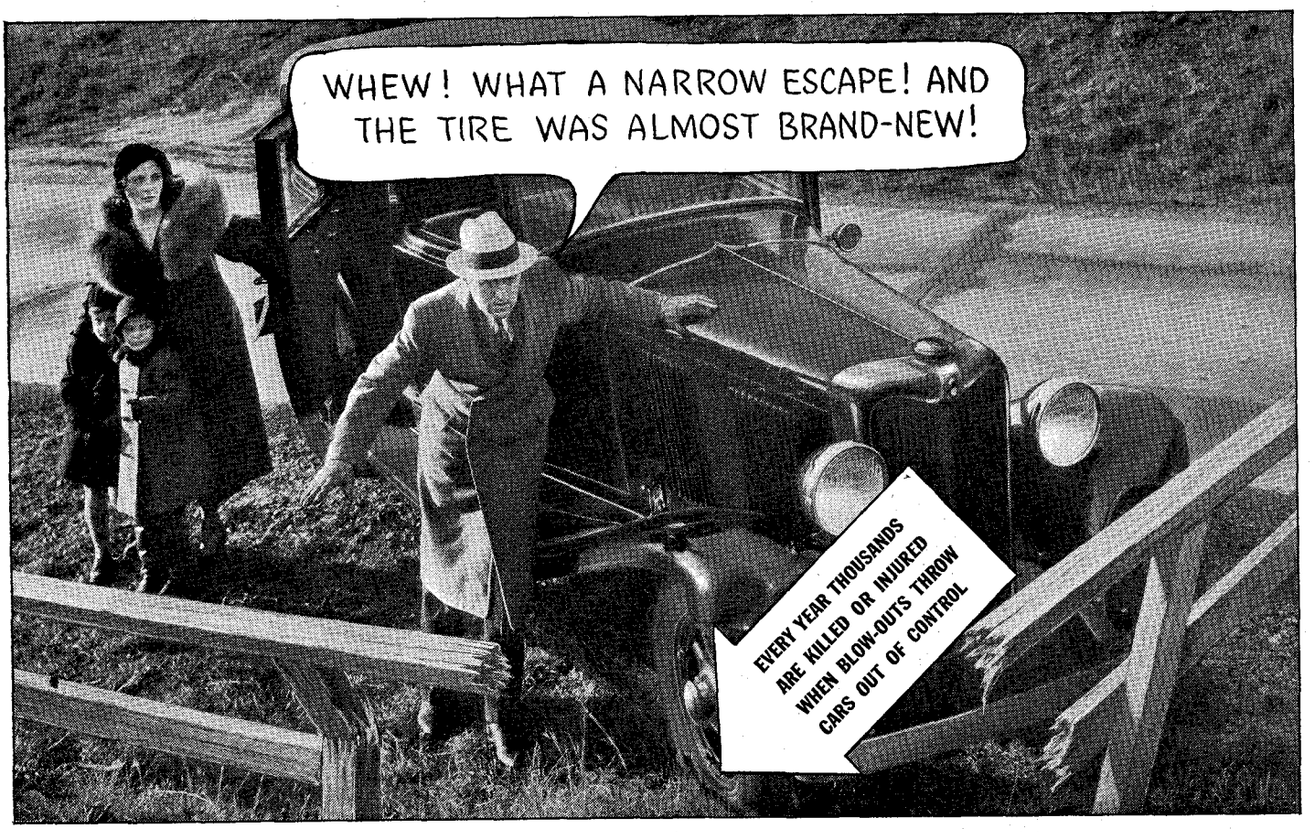

WHEW! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE! AND THE TIRE WAS ALMOST BRAND-NEW!
EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL

NOW YOU'LL BE 3 TIMES SAFER

FROM BLOW-OUTS AT HIGH SPEEDS

See how this utterly new way of making tires prevents blow-outs by overcoming the CAUSE of blow-outs before they start

WHEN your speedometer reads 40, 50, 60 and 70 . . . mile after mile . . . the heat *inside* the tire becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . and grows . . . bigger and bigger, until BANG! A blow-out! And a terrible drag pulls your car off the road.

How it prevents blow-outs

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists heat. Thus, rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form. The *cause* of blow-outs is eliminated *before* they start.

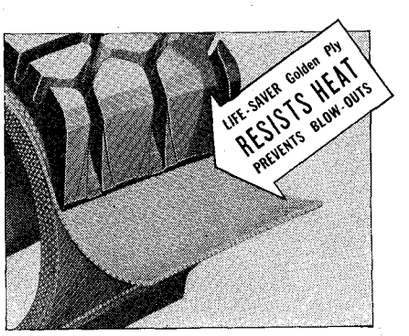
Three times safer

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, lasted 3 *times as long* as first quality tires that did not have this feature. These SILVERTOWNS *never* blew. They were run till the tread was gone . . . but the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give!

Don't think that slower driving can save you from blow-outs. Long trips at 35 or 40 miles an hour can generate terrific heat, too. To be safe—have the protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply. It's Free! Just make sure you buy a SILVERTOWN Tire, which costs not a penny more than other standard tires.

Isn't this the kind of tire you want for *your* car? Then decide now to equip your car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns—the only tires in the world built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

Look up your nearest Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your classified telephone directory. Put *real* protection between yourself and the road . . . for your family's sake and your own!



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"Killed by Smog"

THIS TERRIBLE FORM OF DEATH, it seems, occurred in Pittsburgh.

But fate was sometimes more kindly, and the record merely ran, "Held up by Smog."

"Smog," it might be explained at this point, is a handy abbreviation for "smoke and fog," and the unfortunate victims who were killed or only held up were the ultra-violet rays en route to Pittsburgh from the sun.

With its invisible hand stretched over the 93 million miles that separate it from the roof of the Pittsburgh City-County building, the sun was made to hold a pen continuously for one year for the first time, and to write a story of the intensity of its ultra-violet radiation, according to a report of H. B. Meller, head of the Air Pollution Investigation of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research.

The story took the form of regularly punctuated curved lines that swept across a check-ruled page, forming an easily interpreted solar shorthand. To quote a press bulletin issued by the Institute:

"Not once in the year did the ultra-violet report for duty in company with the longer-waved visible rays. This was not because the luminous energy got up earlier; both started from the parent sun at the same instant and at the same speed, 186,000 miles a second. Both raced neck to neck until they reached the earth's atmosphere.

"Here, the visible radiation plowed ahead, but the less persistent ultra-violet pancaked and disappeared. Stalled, it had to wait until the sun had gained in altitude and the road to the earth had become more direct and shorter. There was always a delay of minutes.

"Such was the story on a clear or not very cloudy or smoky morning. The record read differently on days of overcast skies. At such times there was an announcement of further trouble in breaking through, and a tale of a loss of radiant power. Sorriest of all recordings were those on the mornings when man-made smoke became mixed with fog and mantled the industrial cities. The pen stood still and by its very silence delivered the laconic message, 'held up by smog.'

"At times when no wind arose to scatter the smog, the sun's invisible hand did not move for hours. On a few occasions it made no mark for an entire day. 'Killed by smog,' the black sheet proclaimed.

"These bad mornings and equally bad evenings of smoke and clouds were nearly all in the cold winter months. From October to March the sun's hand was weakened, but from April to September it wrote with powerful abandon. Half the fall and winter days, when home furnaces were being fired heavily, barriers of smoke existed. The spring and summer saw only one day in each eight that the path to the earth was barricaded by pollution floating upward from man's fires. These were the days when health-giving radiation was showered on the globe at top intensity and raised crops of laughing children with strong bones and tanned skins, and splashed the earth with the green of growing fields, orchards, and gardens.

"The year-long record of the sun's ultra-violet radiation was the second step in a series of determinations being carried on to secure specific details about hygienic sunshine. The initial progress report was made eighteen months ago by Mr. Meller, S. G. Hibben, and Mary Warga, under the caption 'Studies of Ultra-violet in Daylight.'

"The scientific world studied the initial report, as presented technically in print, and this month will have opportunity to examine the second report, also technical, as published with suitable illustrations in the current issue of *The American Journal of Public Health*. Joint authors of the latest report are Mr. Meller and Miss Warga. Their laboratory on the roof of the City-County building, 933 feet above sea-level, was equipped with a novel arrangement of apparatus. In further observations an advanced type of highly sensitive apparatus and new in arrangement will be employed to secure and record other properties and qualities of ultra-violet radiation.

"The heart of the apparatus used in putting a pen in the hand of the sun was a photo-electric cell sensitive only to ultra-violet radiation. The minute amount of this energy received was amplified through an appropriate circuit and made to write its own story on a recording meter. These records constitute specific knowledge of the sun's radiation, and can be applied by scientists to every-day life."

Medical Aid to Aviation

WHEN IS A FLYER FIT TO FLY? When he knows his airplane's engine inside and out, and the function of every gadget on his instrument board? Not always. How about his eyes, his ears, his nerves, his general physical condition?

According to experts a healthy pilot is as essential to safe flight as a stout plane and an unfailing motor. To meet this need, aviation medicine with its periodic examinations has been developed.

In an address before the National Safety Council, condensed in *American Medicine* (New York), Dr. E. H. Padden, flight-surgeon of the United Air Lines, explains as follows the practical advantages of this development. He says:

"Aviation medicine of to-day had its beginnings shortly after the World War, when the importance of physical fitness to efficiency in flying was forcibly revealed in a survey of military airplane accidents. At that time it was found that a greater percentage of crashes were due to non-combat causes than were occasioned in actual combat. Even more significant, less accidents could be charged to structural failures than to the pilot himself.

"The facts brought to light results in the creation of a special medical board for a detailed study of flying, in particular to scrutinize the pilot and his central nervous system. This constituted the first step in the formulation of the specialized branch of aviation medicine, since grown to be a recognized factor in modern medicine. A division of medical forces in the U. S. Army and Navy was made for the examination and care of flying personnel, and a school of aviation medicine, a subdivision of the Army Medical College, was organized.

"Aviation medicine was applied to commercial aviation by the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce when that organization assumed supervision of civil aeronautics in the United States in 1927.

"United Air Lines decided in 1928 that the stress of daily flying warranted a more frequent system of examination. Following experimental work conducted by the writer, a plan of thirty-day pilot examinations was placed in force over the entire system.

"The objective of the periodic physical examination is broader than simply the elimination of airplane accidents. A point of greater importance is the prolonging of the longevity of the flying personnel. While it can not be said that flying is detrimental to health, yet certain stresses are imposed upon the special senses and central nervous system of the flyer."

WHERE does the aviation physician concentrate his attention? A number of senses come in for close scrutiny, according to Dr. Padden:

"Good vision is clearly a prime requisite of the efficient aviator; equal and flexible eye-ball muscles are equally important. The pilot not only has the two horizontal planes to watch, as does the automobile driver, but also has the vertical planes with every possible degree of rotation lying therein. Good flying requires an exactness in the estimations of distances and space not essential in most other occupations.

"As the onset of any imbalance is gradual, the periodic examination detects such a condition, and therapeutic exercises and other steps may be taken before serious consequences may occur.

"The special sense of equilibria is of just as much importance as the sense of sight. Hearing is not as vitally important as the division of the middle ear devoted entirely to equilibria. The influence of atmospheric pressure, particularly on mountainous divisions, produces a trauma on the Eustachian tube, which demands occasional assistance to give relief.

"Focal infections are prone to influence and affect those various special senses, and for that reason attention is paid to the teeth, gums, throat, bowels, and all the usual abodes of infected foci.

"The presence of neurocirculatory asthenia [weakness of the nerve-circulation] in a pilot is determined by means of the Schneider Index, a series of blood-pressure and pulse-readings before and after exercise. This is remedied by some form of physical exercise.

"The results of this preventive medicine are manifested in the efficient record of operations maintained by United Air Lines, whose 150 pilots fly an aggregate of 14,000,000 miles annually, and who have flown 50,000,000 miles since the company inaugurated its service in 1926."

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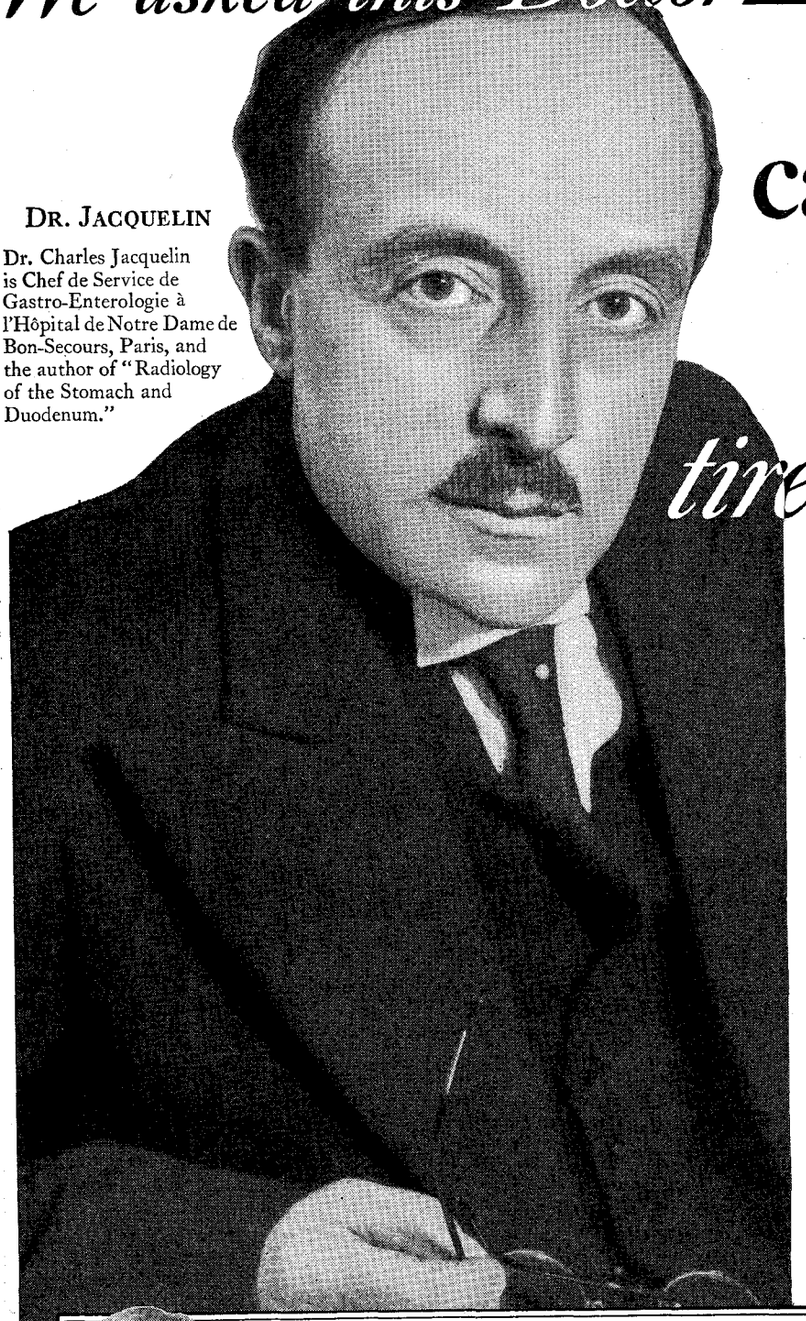
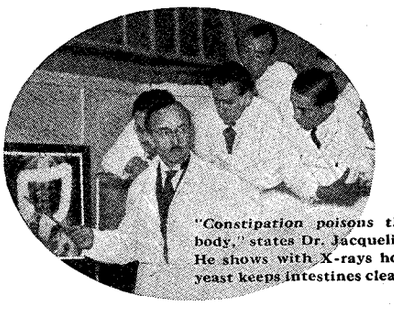
We asked this Doctor—"What causes that constant *tired feeling?*"



DR. JACQUELIN

Dr. Charles Jacquelin is Chef de Service de Gastro-Enterologie à l'Hôpital de Notre Dame de Bon-Secours, Paris, and the author of "Radiology of the Stomach and Duodenum."



"Constipation poisons the body," states Dr. Jacquelin. He shows with X-rays how yeast keeps intestines clean.

"IF wastes are held too long in the system, poisons form—filter into the blood . . . From morning to night you feel *tired*."

That is the prominent French gastro-enterologist, Dr. Jacquelin, speaking . . . explaining the depressing effect of constipation on health!

"I have found," states Dr. Jacquelin, "that an ideal remedy in such cases is . . . **fresh yeast. Yeast softens the intestinal wastes, stimulates exhausted bowel muscles. Movements become regular. Intestines are freed of poisons. *Energy returns.*"**

If you're weak or run-down—try this: Every day, for at least 60 days, eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

Eat it plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and when you go to bed.

Soon, if you eat the yeast regularly, you should notice improved elimination. You should have a better appetite . . . better digestion. And if you keep it up you should begin to feel and *look* more vigorous in every way!

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G and D—at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Won't you add it to your diet—today?

"My doctor prescribed Yeast for me!"*

"I was trying to get over a nervous breakdown," *writes* Miss Dorothy Ann Pennington *of Washington, D. C.*, "but wasn't making any headway. I had regular attacks of indigestion and headaches. My doctor prescribed Yeast . . . Soon my health started to pick up . . . My headaches disappeared. My food really did me good instead of turning to poison in my system."

* **IMPORTANT!** Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Write for booklet. Dept. Y-M-8, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.

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Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal for Women

THE GALLANT OLD MOTTO, "*Place aux dames*" is having a new day in Washington.

Ladies first, indeed, as often as possible.

Give them a place in the sun—a new place, among the seats of the mighty.

And so it has come to pass that when important governmental or diplomatic posts are to be filled, Washington no longer knows whether the new incumbents will be the lords of creation or "their sisters or their cousins or their aunts," as *Sir Joseph Porter* sang.

The new deal for women started, of course, with the selection of Miss Frances Perkins for the Roosevelt Cabinet, where she has already set a high mark as a new broom in the Department of Labor. With her little three-cornered hat crowning her diminutive and serious person, she has figured before the country as an abolisher of obsolete and offensive bureaus, a spirited witness before a joint Congressional committee, and a lone "Madame Secretary" at Cabinet meetings.

International

"Madame Treasurer"
(Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross.)

Acme

"Madame Secretary"
(Miss Frances Perkins.)

"*Place aux dames*" for Frances Perkins!

And again it is "*Place aux dames*" for Ruth Bryan Owen, who is to be "Madame Minister" to Denmark.

And it's "*Place aux dames*" for Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, once Governor of Wyoming, who is to be "Madame Treasurer" in the United States Treasury, with her feminine signature on all new paper money that comes out so long as she holds that important position.

Future historians may dwell upon the feminine element in the Roosevelt Administration. We print some portraits of the women most concerned in this article, adding those of Mrs. Roosevelt and the President's lovely daughter, Mrs. Curtis Dall, each of whom, in her different way, contributes notably to the feminine coloring of the present era in Washington.

Copyright by International

Mrs. Roosevelt

And nobody knows yet how far the Government of the "new deal" may carry the *Place aux dames* principle in what seems to be a new age for women in public life.

AND are they making good?

"Miss Perkins Holds Her Own" is the title of one of the many enthusiastic editorials following the "Madame Secretary's" bout with the before-mentioned committee. Says the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch:*

If any one had misgivings about the ability of Frances Perkins to handle the job of Secretary of Labor he must be convinced, after reading her testimony before the joint Congressional committee hearing the President's first work-relief bill, that she is a wise and informed woman fully capable of holding her own with all-comers, as she was with Representatives who undertook to cross-examine her about the merits and workings of the bill.

Representative Connery, of Massachusetts, who refused to introduce the bill, talked about the Government's lowering wage standards by paying a man $1 a day and keep for a year's enlistment in the Conservation Corps to work on forestation and other projects. "That doesn't make sense," Miss Perkins admonished the Representative, explaining that the bill was designed solely for relief by giving employment to a portion of the 12,000,000 men in the country who are getting no wages at all.

Press dispatches assert that Miss Perkins left the quizzing committeemen groping for replies, and that but one Cabinet officer in years, former Secretary Mills, had handled a case so well before a Congressional committee.

Earlier in the week, Miss Perkins started house-cleaning in the Department of Labor. The senseless drive Secretary Doak carried on at huge expense in harassing foreign-born residents was ended; the "secret service" operatives of the department were fired; and the statistical bureaus, which for three years were undertaking to show that business was improving while the total of unemployed mounted were directed to report facts only.

To get the full flavor of Miss Perkins's performance as a witness, we quote some descriptive passages from the New York *Times:*

Attired in black, wearing her well-known tricorne hat, Miss Perkins stood during her testimony.

Much of her testimony was recorded by sound motion-picture apparatus, and she testified literally in the spotlight.

The plan which she defended is considered generally as her own, and she spoke of it with authority in the face of criticism.

The principal criticisms were aimed at the wage scale of $1 a day provided for the men enlisted, which some committee members maintained would tend to lower all wage scales.

Representative Connery of Massachusetts, chairman of the House Labor Committee, said flatly that he would refuse to introduce the Administration bill in the House.

Miss Perkins replied sharply to Mr. Connery's complaint.

She went on to say that the plan is "primarily a relief measure to provide honest occupation to self-respecting Americans who have been forced to panhandling and similar practises against their will.

"I can not see that the work is in competition with private employment or comparable to it, in any degree."

Representative Welch of California, who apparently assumed the conservation corps would be conscripted, received a sharp reply when he asked Miss Perkins if she thought it proper "to force a man to leave his family for a year to get $1 a day?"

"Let us be realistic!" Miss Perkins urged. "We are not going to force any man to join this conservation corps, but if I may speak lightly too, it might be the best thing that could happen in some cases to separate a man from his family for a year."

Laughter and applause, especially from women spectators, followed that remark. And the busy brain under the tricorne hat was still working on that domestic equation.

"But we need have no fear of destruction of family life by this measure," Miss Perkins continued. "Nothing is more destructive of the family than prolonged unemployment, where a man has to sit around the house and brood, and his only

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"Madame Minister"
(Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen.)

Wide World

Mrs. Curtis Dall
(The "Daughter of the Administration.")

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The "good news" for Spud smokers!

SPUD *The leader in the 20c class*

NOW 15c

(25c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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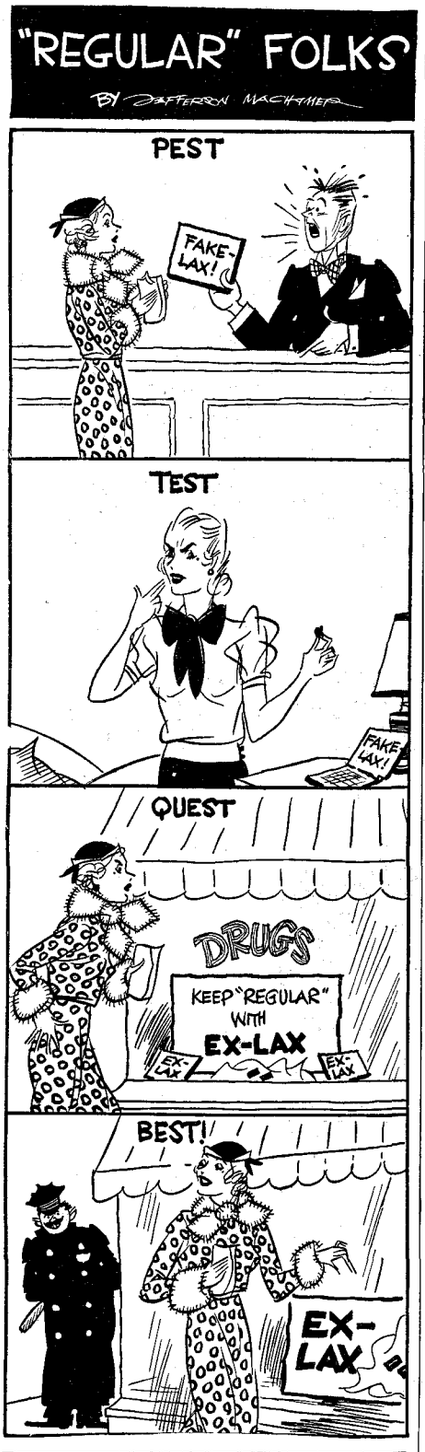

SO many doctors—and nurses—and druggists approve Ex-Lax. 37,000,000 people buy it yearly. Six simple words tell the reason—

Ex-Lax is *safe . . . gentle . . .* and *effective*

Take no chances with your health! When you buy a laxative, insist on Ex-Lax. There is only *one* genuine Ex-Lax, so beware of imitations! When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

occupation is to go twice a week and get his basket or dole.

"Call it a day, boys, call it a day!" exclaims the Baltimore *Sun*, apostrophizing the discomfited legislators, and adding:

The lady is better than you are, and we should not be a bit surprized if even higher compliments could be paid her.

What's more, she is not afraid of you. And that makes an awful combination.

A woman smarter than a man is something to get on guard about. A woman not afraid of a man is something to get on guard about. But a woman smarter than a man and also not afraid of a man, well, good-night!

SPEAKING of "Secretary Perkins's Housecleaning," the Louisville *Courier-Journal* reminds us that early this year newspaper readers and motion-picture fans were "treated to a widely heralded foray on Hollywood by American immigration agents." Further:

Movie actors and actresses from other countries were questioned as to their right to remain in the United States.

Speculation was rife whether Greta Garbo would be allowed to return from Sweden, whether Marlene Dietrich would be sent back to Germany, whether Maurice Chevalier would be given his walking-papers, whether this star and that would literally be fired from the country. There was much ado, but nothing done. It was little more than a circus stunt not unlike the quest for deportable aliens among the gangsters and hoodlums of Chicago.

This kind of alien hunt is now off. It does not fit in with the Roosevelt Administration's efficiency and economy plans. According to Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, it was costly and largely ballyhoo, and forthwith she has abolished the alien secret service organization which carried on the futile Hollywood and Chicago investigations.

MADAME SECRETARY'S distinguished efficiency in her own field is expected to be matched by Madame Minister in the diplomatic field. Ruth Bryan Owen knows her Europe and knows her Denmark, where she has powerful friends in high places. She is esteemed in Washington as one of the wittiest women in public life, and also one of the best drest and most debonair. In the capacity of American Minister to Denmark she is expected to reflect credit on her country and have an excellent time.

When William Jennings Bryan's gifted daughter made her exodus from Congress last winter with the rest of the "lame ducks," she went window-shopping for a job under the first Democratic President since Woodrow Wilson, whose nomination was forced by her father in the Baltimore convention, and whose first Secretary of State he became.

In the new régime of "*Place aux dames*," the only question was, what would Mrs. Owen like to be or do? At first there was talk of her as an Assistant Secretary of State, but later came the intimation that she was to be her country's envoy at Copenhagen. The New York *Times* gives this brief sketch of her:

Mrs. Owen, who is forty-seven years old, is the widow of Maj. Reginald Owen, a British Army officer, who died of war wounds a few years after the Armistice. Altho they had four children, Mrs. Owen volunteered for active service during the struggle, and was an Army nurse in the campaigns in Egypt and Palestine. After the war she studied law in Florida, and was elected to the Seventy-first and Seventy-second Congresses.

She was defeated for renomination in the Democratic primary because, she said later, her opponent was wetter than she was. As a "lame duck" she voted for beer and for repeal.

ACCORDING to the United Press, Mrs. Owen presents a fetching contrast of dark eyes and iron-gray hair. Her face sparkles with humor and irony. She is tall and strong, with a vigorous, elastic walk and a resonant voice, whose tones sometimes recall those of her "silver-tongued" father. Her accent has a mildly British flavor.

Of all the retiring members of the expiring Congress, it was said that she supplied "the only good-natured comment." This consisted of a "lame duck" last will and testament, in verse. THE DIGEST printed it at the time, but some of our readers may have missed it, so we give it again:

To members in the coming session
We leave what's left of the depression
With fifty thousand tomes appended
Telling just how it can be ended.
To Congressmen who'll draw our salary
We leave all gunmen in the gallery,
All Communists who march and fight
And threaten us with dynamite.
Those stalwart ones may have the onus
Of laying hands upon the bonus.
The currency—to them we hand it
To shrink, contract it, or expand it.
We'll let them exercise their talents
On making that thar budget balance
And, pointing out, with no delaying
A tax the public won't mind paying.
To make this simple as can be
We leave to them Technocracy.
To them we're leaving the analysis
Of beer producing no paralysis,
To them we leave, with stifled sobs,
All persons who are seeking jobs.
Our pangs of exile 'twill assuage
To know we have no patronage.

Aside from having her "John Hancock" on all the new paper money, "Madame Treasurer" Ross will not be idle. "She will be in charge of the keeping of the books of the Secretary of the Treasury showing the movements of billions of dollars, and will prepare his daily, monthly, and annual reports," says a Chicago *Tribune* correspondent.

Mr. Roosevelt's conviction that women should be given a larger share in the responsibilities of government have long been known, comments the New York *Times*, adding,

Both Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Owen have amply demonstrated their abilities to compete on an equal footing with men both as to efficiency and ability, Mrs. Ross as Governor of Wyoming and Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Mrs. Owen as a Congresswoman.

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Men by the Thousand Turn to Pipe Smoking

Tobacco flavor testing outfit offered by Edgeworth arouses wide interest—Requests deluge Richmond

WOMEN TAKING ACTIVE PART

Thousands of requests from wives show strong feminine trend in favor of men changing to pipes

When men want to be comfortable and at ease, note how they turn to a pipe and good tobacco. When life and times are difficult, this wholesome diversion brings relaxation and relief from the tension of work and business problems. And pipe smoking reduces tobacco bills.

It's a revolution! At least it is a revelation—and down here at the factory in Virginia, where we make Edgeworth, everybody is excited over the great public interest shown in our tobacco flavor testing idea.

It seems that literally thousands of men are discovering for the first time the real, solid pleasure of a pipe and good tobacco. Other thousands who had been swept away from the calmness and composure of pipe smoking by the speed of the Prosperity Era are turning back to the pipe for ease, relaxation and comfort.

And don't you let anybody tell you women do not want their men folks to smoke pipes. Nearly two hundred thousand wives have written us for our Edgeworth flavor testing outfit for their husbands.

Times have changed

Most of us are searching now for the solid things of life. The custom of pipe smoking lies deep in the American scheme. It has a reason, a solidity—a background rich in the associations of rugged native character.

So we invite all you men to think about pipe smoking in a new way. Open your minds again to this old-new idea.

Here is our proposition:

We invite you to begin your pipe smoking career with Edgeworth. Send for our flavor testing outfit and you can try pipe smoking with Edgeworth and get started on the road to smoking happiness. We will send you enough Edgeworth for several days' trial smoking and with it an old-fashioned corn cob pipe. You can try Edgeworth and experience its true flavor because this pipe requires no "breaking in." If you decide to adopt pipe smoking, you will later choose a briar pipe that you like at your dealer's. Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

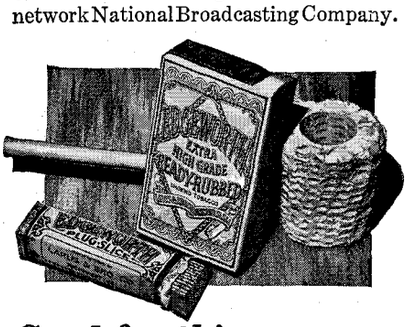
TUNE IN ON

Edgeworth's Weekly Radio Show and learn how to get

A FREE GIFT

"The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia" has a big meeting every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock (E.S.T.) at the old Cross Roads Hall. Just a gathering of country folks having a good time singing and dancing.

Tune in and hear how to become a member of the club and get a membership certificate and a free gift. Coast to coast network National Broadcasting Company.



Send for this Flavor Testing Outfit

Tobacco, pipe, tax, packing and postage cost us 26¢. We ask you to send 10 cents as evidence of your sincerity. If you do not discover that there is solid comfort and pleasure in pipe smoking, you are "out" only one little dime. Use the coupon.

WIVES!

Edgeworth will make 'most any man more companionable, a better husband. So *you* send the coupon in this advertisement and surprise your husband with the Edgeworth Flavor Testing Outfit.

Edgeworth Sold Everywhere. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold everywhere. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Some sizes in vacuum-sealed tins. Get details from your dealer.

MEN—WOMEN—CLIP—MAIL

This is a family coupon. You men who want to try Edgeworth and pipe smoking—send the coupon. You women who want your men folks to be happy pipe smokers—send the coupon. Don't wait—act now!

LARUS & BRO. CO., 102 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Virginia

Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send Corn Cob Pipe and Samples of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

(Please PRINT name and address plainly.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Put EDGEWORTH *in your pipe and smoke it*

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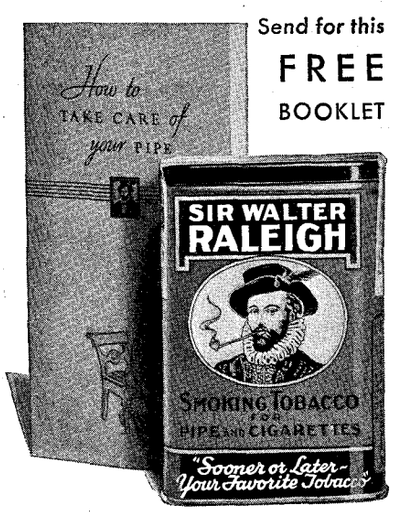
Why *rope* 'em when you can *dope* 'em?

NO WONDER that cow was cowed! Brother, there isn't a steer in Texas that could stand up under the fumes of that smudgy smoke!

But that's the only good argument we ever heard for strong, heavy tobacco in a soggy pipe. Every man in the cow punching game—and out of it—should smoke good, mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe. Take Sir Walter Raleigh's Burley mixture, for example. There's a smoke that's as mild as a prairie evening, but there's flavor in it... rich... full bodied... satisfying ...and kept fresh in gold foil. On your next trip to your tobacco store make this resolution... "Smoke the tobacco that has become a national favorite."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. D-34



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

An Amateur On the Bum

HE had sailed schooners to Greenland, adventured down to the Galapagos Islands, and written a book of adventure at twelve, but he couldn't jerk soda. As many as he had drunk at one counter and another, he didn't know what goes into that liquid seduction, and down went his first chance to get a job.

Chasing turtles and funny-looking pen-

No Workee, No Eatee

So David Binney Putnam Peels Potatoes.

guins on the Galapagos and getting out of the way of ice-floes in Baffin Bay couldn't help him in the wilderness of New York, David Binney Putnam learned on his first day of job-hunting.

He had just come down from fashionable Rye, with $2 in his pocket and a Viking air in his blond face. The kindly Travelers' Aid lady in Grand Central noticed it—that and the bulk of boy in the seedy clothes. For David unadorned weighs 192 pounds and stands six foot three when he stands, and wears No. 11 shoes, sitting or standing. She wanted to help, but David shoved off into the maelstrom. He wanted to help himself.

For the time being, this scion of the publishing house of Putnam had chucked his share of prosperity and the pleasures of nineteen to see how the other half lives or tries to duck the effort.

He was a little bewildered by it all. In all his years, man and boy, he had never seen so much human worth and sin, wo and mirth as can be collected in one block of Bagdad on the Subway. He found that one touch of poverty makes the whole world kin. Instead of hate, despair,

A hat to be proud of

INSIDE and OUT!

SPRING STETSONS

as low as $5

A STETSON HAT looks its quality, speaks its style, commands admiration anywhere. And the Stetson label inside the crown guarantees its lasting worth.

Give yourself the pleasure of wearing a genuine Stetson this spring. For as little as $5 you have a wide choice of fresh styles and colors. Weights are light—some light as a feather.

Other fine Stetsons have been greatly reduced from last spring and are now $7, $10 and up.

John B. Stetson Company
Philadelphia New York London Paris

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and talk of violence among those who live from hand to mouth when they can make the distance, he found good fellowship, the best brand of optimism, and no talk of revolution. He did find some prejudice against "organized charity." A hand-out is received with better grace.

At nineteen David was learning a lot he had never read in books. The University of Hard Knocks, or Bitter Experience, if you choose, is crowded, with new matriculates constantly coming in. It offers more courses than all the rest of the educational institutions combined. But panhandling is the easiest and quickest learned.

David started primary that first morning out of Grand Central, for in the U. of H. K. one has to begin at the beginning, which is usually applying for a dish-washing job. But all the dishes in New York had been washed and dried when David made a bid for the sink. He pounded the pavement until two, when he had a great yearning for food. Unconsciously he headed for a grill of old acquaintance, but remembered in time, changed his course, and made for a hole-in-the-wall stand, where he filled up on a hot dog, egg sandwich, and coffee, all for two bits.

So far, so good. Came the morrow and a twenty-cent breakfast. David picks up the thread in the New York *World-Telegram*, which gives him nearly a page several days hand-running:

For three hours I persistently tried to pick up any kind of a job. But the garages did not need any helpers and there weren't any potatoes to peel or floors to be washed up in the lunch-rooms I tackled.

I braced a couple of freight warehouses on the chance of helping to unload cars, and on the Hudson side of the street I tried two or three warehouses in the hope of getting a stevedore job or any kind of a loading job, but there wasn't a thing.

I had read a story in a magazine about an earnest but jobless young man who had built up a nice little business for himself by polishing cars. As the story went, he would shine up automobiles standing at the curb and then wait for grateful owners to approach. Perhaps he really did, and got away with it, but my modest efforts weren't successful. I got a rag and started to polish a good-looking but pretty dirty Packard car. Before I had really got started the owner appeared from somewhere and told me to get to hell out of there. At that, I decided to try it in a more elegant neighborhood later on.

A little later I was moving along Tenth Avenue, probably looking pretty seedy and deprest. Certainly I was cold, wet, and tired.

"Hey, mug, how would you like a cup of coffee?"

The invitation came from a shabby-looking old fellow sitting in the door of a garage. Needless to say, I accepted at once.

My host explained that he had made a little easy money that morning and his helper was out getting a bucketful of hot coffee.

It was good coffee when it came. Seated on old tire rims we—the old man, his little Negro helper, and myself—mugged up to our hearts' content. Like most of those I talked with, the old man was in financial

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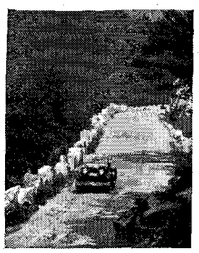

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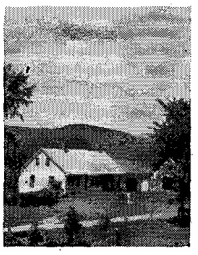
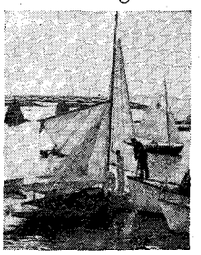
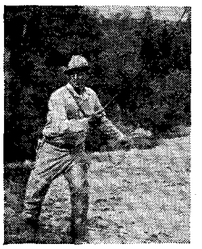


● *Farms*



● *Sailing*

● *Hunting*



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troubles. A note past due was hanging over him.

"Gosh, I have just lost about everything I own," he explained, quite matter-of-factly. "And now I don't know how long I can hang on here." But while he did stick he was happy enough about it and was the heart of generosity to a passing bum like myself.

A chance friend suggested that they get a gun. "We'd eat if we had one," he told David. But the idea didn't appeal to the young adventurer, and he says that this is the only outlawry seriously proposed to him.

He tried unsuccessfully for a job as doorman, theater barker, and stevedore, and at the end of the day wound up in a fifteen-cent movie for a nap. Then he betook himself to the subway, where for a nickel he rode and slept until it was time to go to work again. After a heavy breakfast of coffee and crullers he picked a bench in the Grand Central Station to rest. A station cop intruded with "What train you waiting for?"

"The Century. Drawing room A, car 96," replied David.

"On your way," said the cop, and David went off to a washroom, where he made a sketchy toilet and found stubble on his chin.

Nothing to do now but panhandle. David picked out a mild and pleasant-looking man of thirty or so:

"Can you help me out, mister?"

"Help you? What do you want?"

"I want something to do."

"Do? Say, I'm having that trouble myself. If you're hungry, tho, I can let you have some change."

With that he handed me a dime and a nickel.

My first panhandling successful!

That was by way of being a lesson I came to think of later, for I found begging altogether too easy, if you really put your back into it.

I think that one out of every four or five people that you brace (if you pick them wisely) comes through with something. I feel fairly sure that, provided you have an intelligent story ready, if you are backed into a corner, you can make perhaps two dollars a day on an average, and at that run little chance of being arrested.

It is only fair to add, however, that, so far as my observation goes, it is easier for young fellows like myself than it is for the older men. Somehow the youngster stirs a quicker sympathy—especially with older women.

Speaking of the technique of begging, several times I watched, with envy for their efficiency, the activities of some of the best of the real beggars in the midtown region. Even in the short time I kept tab from a discreet distance it was surprizing how much money they took in. Current among the jobless are stories of beggars having lovely apartments, cars, even servants. Things like that were perfectly amazing.

Several times I tried to scrape up an acquaintance with these professionals, but they had no use for me at all. At least my sense of shame in trying to beg for money from their potential customers was lessened later on when I found out what really moneyed men some of them were.

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Right here I want to say that from the beginning I kept track of every cent given me, with the determination that when I quit my volunteer racket I would turn over my collections where I thought they would do the most direct good—and I found nothing better than the Macfadden Penny Restaurant, where many times I changed my pennies into warming food.

THAT morning David tried job-hunting seriously. Dish-washing, window-cleaning, sidewalk-sweeping, but nothing panned out. Then luck changed, and David got a meal for nothing. The man, who had had a high-ball or so, mostly so, and was in generous mood, turned out to be a writer who was getting material for a story about the under side of life. He made David shave, bought him a pair of shoes, took him to dinner, and paid him $5 for all the raw material David could furnish. David is sorry if he did his genial host "dirt," but believes he will understand if he finds out that David was looking for "copy" himself.

A man of affluence now, David hied himself to a "For Men Only" hotel, with rooms going at forty cents a night:

This so-called "hotel" is not much more than a loft building, with the floors cut up into tiny rooms. My "room," by actual measurement, was six feet two inches long by about four feet wide. One large room is divided into about twenty of these "cells," the walls of which do not reach the ceiling of the main room. The ceiling of the individual cubicles is covered over with chicken-wire to discourage "reachers." Two small electric bulbs, hanging overhead, light the entire larger room.

It wasn't an altogether undisturbed night. Some of my brothers in the other rooms enlivened the dark hours with groans and the most fantastic snoring I have ever heard. Around three o'clock a couple of the boys got going in a first-rate fight down the corridor some place. Apparently there was more talk than fighting. It was the hottest exhibition of catch-as-catch-can language I have ever heard—and I have been to sea with Bob Bartlett!

THE blond young giant found women very sympathetic, tho an old-timer advised him never to speak to a woman who is alone. "Some time they'll holler for a cop and then you'll just be out of luck." On one occasion two "touches" netted him a dollar from women looking in the window of a jewelry store.

David never went hungry. Almost invariably he found people willing to share. For instance, at "No. 1, New York," a small bean-wagon, he put down a nickel for a cup of coffee, and stayed there all night talking to the fellow in charge, peeling spuds and helping mop the wagon. At seven o'clock when the man in charge went off duty, he slipt two fat sandwiches to David, and said, "Maybe this will help you out. So long and good luck!"

On ten cents a day, writes David, one can keep in pretty good shape in New York—even without free hand-outs. At McFadden's One Cent restaurant he had three bowls of soup and two bowls of

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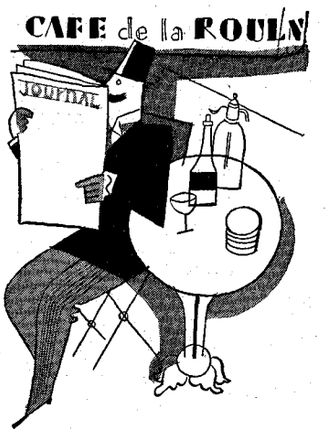

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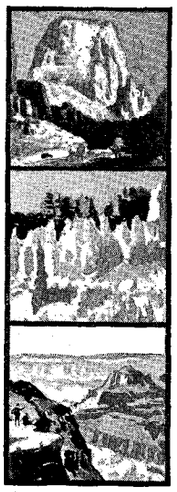

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cereal, with two slices of bread, and liked it. As he finds it:

The real problem is where to sleep. With so many empty buildings, it does seem that somebody ought to be able to solve that problem. If only there were a five-cent flop-house! And, at say ten cents a bed, with no rent to pay for buildings already vacant, couldn't a really modern barracks be made a self-supporting proposition?

I have heard a lot about tickets for food being given panhandlers which are not used. Maybe that is true. I didn't encounter any of this myself.

After our breakfast my colored friend and I walked back to our "hotel." On the way he offered to let me roll a cigaret from a little tobacco he had. I am poor at rolling, and told him I did not want to waste his tobacco.

Walking up to a well-drest man on the other side of the street, I asked him if he could spare a cigaret. He smiled very nicely and took out a pack. He gave me four and then took out a handful of change. He had four pennies, two nickels, and a dime. The dime was given to me—more testimony that it is not only the rich fellow who doles it out but often the fellow who can not afford it.

I also found every time I wanted a cigaret I could get one. Most any one seemed willing to part with a smoke. In fact, most men gave two.

AFTER he and a number of other "guests" had been chased out of one of the entrances to the Pennsylvania Station, following a row over the theft of three pairs of shoes from sleepers, David played the subway racket again and picked up twenty-five cents from "a very nice man." Then he tried a police station:

I barged up to the desk and asked the lieutenant in charge if I might not be locked up for the night, as I did not want to get lousy or in any trouble that night and that the next morning I had a chance of picking up a job.

He grinned and said, "You're in New York, buddy. We don't do that here."

He started to give me a slip to the Salvation Army headquarters, where I had been once that day. I told him I had been there and there was no chance of anything. So he gave me another slip to the Emergency Shelter at 261 Greene Street, and even offered to give me subway fare down.

I took the ticket and the fare—thanked him and went on my way.

Passing a fire-house, I dropt in. A young fellow, evidently a rookie, was on duty. I asked him if there wasn't a chance of my being able to sleep in the back somewhere. He said he was afraid not, but to come in and get warm.

I sat around and talked to him for fifteen or twenty minutes. A man came shooting down a brass pole from above. He joined in the conversation and in a few minutes disappeared. When he returned, he handed me fifty cents and told me to get a decent bed. It certainly was swell of him.

No Parachute.—This Sunday-school howler has come to hand. On being asked by his teacher who had said, "See that thou fall not out by the way," and on what occasion, a boy answered:

"Elisha said it to Elijah when the latter went up to heaven in a chariot."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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A Poet's Husband Finds a Cook

AN arguing, gesticulating crowd was gathered at the parapet of the Pont Royal in Paris, peering down through the twilight to the waters of the Seine.

A taxi drew up. An American in evening dress jumped out. He was en route with his wife to an embassy dinner. They had recently been discussing the desirability of finding a good French cook to take back with them to the United States. The American joined the knot at the parapet and looked over. "In the swift, swirling, muddy water a woman was tossing past," he said later in describing the scene. "I saw her white face—her hand was flung up for a moment, as if in appeal to me. And then she went under.

"There is a footpath leading down beside the bridge to the water's edge. I started down that footpath. As I ran, I tossed off my high silk top-hat. My overcoat went next. Then the scarf. And just before I reached the brink of the river I dropt my dinner-jacket, my 'smoking.'"

THE man who was rushing to the aid of the drowning woman was Eugene Boissevain. The wife he had left behind him in the taxi while he investigated the disturbance, was Edna St. Vincent Millay. The story of Mr. Boissevain's adventure (which teaches us both that the way of the hero is hard and that you can never tell where you will find a cook) is told by Floyd Dell, the novelist, in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. Mr. Dell, using Mr. Boissevain's own words, continues:

"Some people called to me, '*Non, non, Monsieur—elle est morte!*' . . . she was dead, they were saying. I felt an immense relief. Because, you know, I was very much afraid of the water. And now I didn't have to jump in, after all, it seemed. But I saw myself as in a picture, going back, after this heroic gesture in front of the gathering crowd—picking up, first my 'smoking,' then my scarf, then my overcoat, then my top-hat. No, it was too ridiculous—I was ashamed to do that. I had to finish what I had started. So I jumped in.

"I reached her.

"I plunged and grabbed at her neck—and a cheap fur neckpiece came off. Even then, I was tempted—let me confess the whole miserable truth to you—to give up and bring back the fur neckpiece as evidence that I had done my best. But instead I carefully transferred the fur piece from my right hand to my left, plunged again, got her this time by the back of the neck. I began to swim diagonally down-stream to the shore.

"'Make a chain!' I called, bumping and clutching the wall, while the crowd followed.

"'A chain! Ah! That's an idea, Monsieur!' And they made a chain, and so at last I and my burden were pulled up on shore."

Then arrived four gendarmes and much red tape, after which:

"I went and picked up my clothes.

"A woman came from somewhere with towels. Another woman kissed me. And then suddenly I began to realize that I was

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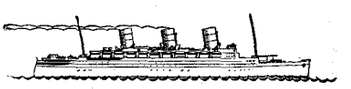
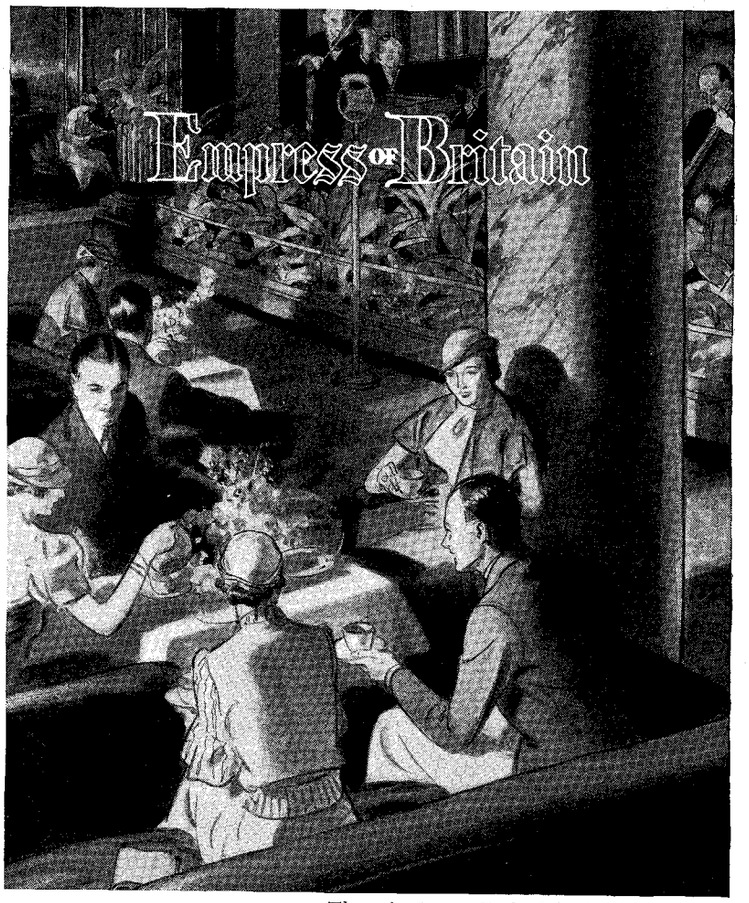


TO EUROPE



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a hero. Men patted me on the back and said 'Bravo!' '*Magnifique!*' I was grateful, and in response I took off my top-hat, bowed right and left, and said, '*Merci!*'

"My shoes squashed noisily at every step. My trousers dript water, and I walked with my legs apart and knees bent a little, trying to minimize the discomfort of soaking wet trousers. And as I walked I lifted my high silk top-hat, bowed right and left, and said, '*Merci, Monsieur!*' Squush, squush! '*Merci, Madame!*'"

"And now, Edna," said Mr. Boissevain, "you tell your side of it!"

AND thus ran the famous poet's account of her reactions when she saw her sopping husband come back to the taxi where he had left her:

"I was very cross with him. What a sight! He looked as if he had fallen into the river. And what was he bowing for in that silly way to everybody?

"'Eugene,' I said coldly when he reached the taxi, 'is this the way a cocktail affects you?'

"'I'm sorry, dear,' he said, 'but I had to jump into the river and save a woman.'

"There was no doubt about it. He was drunk. 'Get in,' I said sternly. 'I think it's a shame, really! Why do you do these silly things?'

"'Was it silly?' he asked. 'I thought you'd approve of it.'

"'Of what?'

"'Of my saving that woman.'

"'Please stop being silly, Eugene. It isn't funny,' I said, and told the chauffeur to drive back to the hotel.

"Just then a gendarme came, and asked for Eugene's name and address. 'Serves him right, too!' I thought.

"Eugene was trying to persuade the gendarme not to bother him. The gendarme agreed at last. But in taking his leave he bowed, clapped his hands together softly in a gesture of applause, and said, very respectfully, 'Bravo, Monsieur!'

"I turned and looked in awe at Eugene.

"Eugene—is it true, then? Darling, did you jump in the river and save a woman?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'and I must say this is a nice reception I get from you! Men have been saying "*Magnifique!*" and women have been kissing me—and my wife gives me a scolding!'

LATER Mr. Boissevain went to the hospital to see the young woman he had saved and to hear her story. It was a pitiful one of poverty and despair, ending in attempted suicide. When she had finished she looked up from her pillow and said:

"'And then,' she said, looking up at me from the pillow, 'God sent you!'

"'Yes, to be sure,' I said. 'But what can I do to help you start life anew?'

"That imprest the girl, and she began at once to take a great interest in my offer to help. But what, I asked, could she do? 'Oh, I can cook,' she said.

"'Ah!' I said. 'You can cook! And to think, I have searched the bureaus of employment in New York for a French cook for my wife. 'Would you come to America?'

"'Yes, if that is the will of the good God,' she said.

"And now," said Edna, smiling, "the good God having arranged everything else so smoothly thus far, I only hope He sees to it that the poor girl really can cook."

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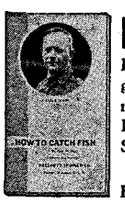

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Crime-Detection and Fiddle-strings

IS there a mysterious relation between music and detective work?

This refers to the higher grades of crime-detection, pursued by master-technicians with all the resources of science at their command.

Sherlock Holmes fans will recall that their hero would sometimes, between jobs, or when confronted with a stubborn jig-saw crime puzzle, shut himself up, take out the old Strad, draw the bow across its strings and send its voice wailing and sobbing into the night.

Of course, Sherlock was a fictitious character, but he was modeled on Conan Doyle's favorite professor, and it is supposed that the Paganini complex was one of the peculiarities of that original genius.

Other cases of fiddling super-detectives

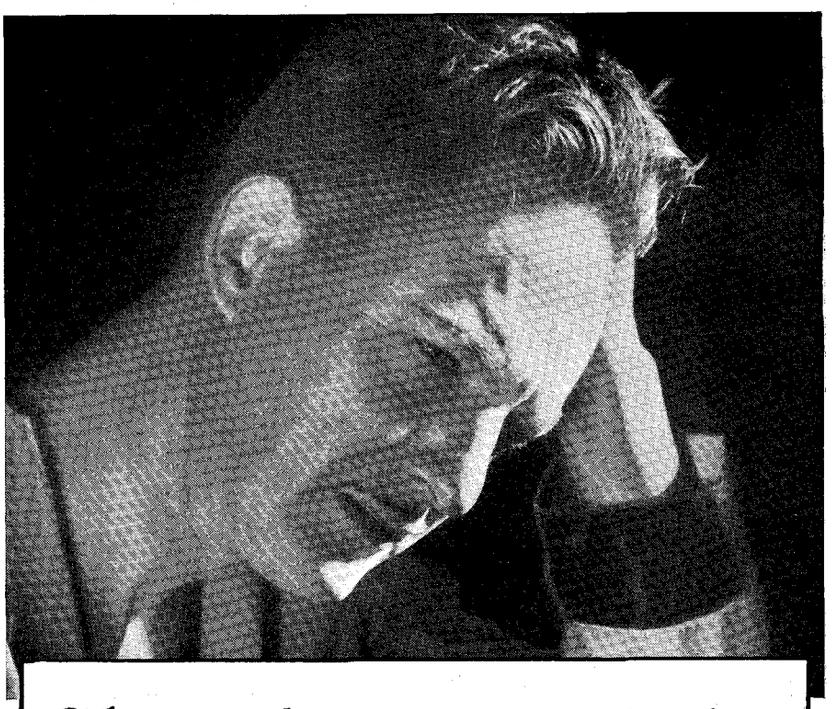
By courtesy of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

Edmond Locard: the Violinist and Scientific Sleuth

are on record, we are told. Here we are concerned with only one, and the story begins with the strange experience of a young French violinist, who had "studied under European masters" and was "all set in 1900 to launch on a career as a concert violinist." In fact, "a series of concerts had already been booked," writes R. S. Fendrick in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine.

Mr. Fendrick's story is dated from Lyons, France, and its subject is Dr. Edmond Locard, director of the Lyons police laboratory, and a famous criminologist—also an "artist, lawyer, doctor of medicine, chemist, botanist, biologist, skilled photographer on special apparatus, linguist, specialist in germs and microbology, cipher expert, master of the finger-print system, graphologist, fiber expert, armorer with wide knowledge of arms and explosives, expert in the use of various rays, music critic, and writer of books."

Returning to Locard's earlier years as a budding violinist, we learn that the Lyons police went to him and begged his



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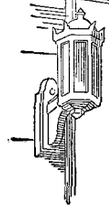

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assistance, and that of his violin, in "a baffling and delicate criminal affair."

He was "to play a certain piece of music, at a crucial moment, in a very unusual setting," says Mr. Fendrick. And he adds that "the ruse succeeded marvelously."

But here a curtain is drawn over our curiosity. If Mr. Fendrick knows what the circumstances were under which the brilliant young violinist played "a certain piece of music" in a drama arranged by the police, he leaves us miserably groping and guessing.

Had another violinist been murdered just after playing that composition?

Was the murder suspect being given the third degree in the presence of the corpse, and did the strains of Locard's violin impinge on his ear-drums at the very moment when the reminiscent sound might betray him into a confession?

These are cross-word puzzles for the mystery authors.

Perhaps Locard, under obligation of secrecy to the police, never revealed the whole story. Anyhow, the adventure influenced him to adopt the profession of criminology, abandoning his musical career to study under Bertillon and other experts.

Picturing Locard in his subsequent official career, Mr. Fendrick writes:

A scientific supersleuth, whistling a Schubert sonata, sits in the laboratory of the Lyons police headquarters.

An assistant hurries in with a bundle of photographs, still dripping wet. "I have been able to bring out the finger-prints on every one of those anonymous letters," he reports briskly. "They were invisible, of course, but the new apparatus is a wonder. The prints are all made by the same woman's hand."

Dr. Edmond Locard, supersleuth, gets the *Chef de Sûreté*, or detective chief, on the phone.

"I think that you'll be able to pick up that poison pen soon," he announces. "The letters reveal a woman's prints. You have how many possible female writers on your suspect list? Three, you say? It's easy, then. I'll prepare you three lots of postage-stamps with different secret markings, and your men know how to place these in the hands of the suspects. Ha, ha! I know your old tricks! We'll catch the lady in a few days by watching the stamps, and with the prints we shall have a water-tight case against her. So you can call off the surveillance on all the men suspects. *Au revoir*, chief."

ANOTHER time the detective chief himself bursts into the laboratory, we are told, dragging with him a slippery-looking individual. Says the chief:

"Here is the man who drilled that safe in the Rue du 29 Juillet last night, but he's the biggest liar I ever met. He says he's never been near a safe in his life; wouldn't even know one if he saw it. I wish you'd give him the 'big sneeze.'"

Dr. Locard seizes a powerful electric magnet and rubs it against the front of the man's trousers, especially around the knees. When the current is turned off the magnet drops hundreds of tiny bits of metal, many not larger than a pin point. Altogether there is almost a teaspoonful of them.

The sleuth shakes his head in mock despair.

"I don't know why men in your profession, who take such minute precautions and plan out the smallest details in advance, overlook such things," he remarks ironically to the suspect. "It really shakes one's faith in human nature. Don't you realize that when you drill a safe many of the shavings lodge in your clothes? All I have to do is to take these particles you have kindly brought in here and compare them by electrochemical analysis with the other shavings you left in front of the safe. You really ought to wear an apron for such work. I wouldn't give you this hint, of course, if it could do you much good. But you won't have to worry about aprons or anything else for five or ten years. Your future is assured. I'm practically certain of that."

IN Dr. Locard the City of Lyons boasts of having a most exceptional and highly-trained criminologist, says Mr. Fendrick, continuing:

Imagine a shrewd, smiling man, still in his forties. Put him in a big laboratory, surrounded by batteries of test-tubes, microscopes, ray machines, special photographic apparatus, and half a dozen technical assistants. On his desk are autographed photographs of famous crowned heads. A library of police manuals in a dozen different languages, including an odd-dozen he himself has written, fill in the background.

He is the originator of the dictum, "A lawbreaker always signs his crime, and if the detective is clever enough he can find the signature."

Take finger-prints. The average print found at Lyons is only from 10 to 40 per cent. complete, and they are often invisible to the eye. Nevertheless there are bottles of wine in practically every home, and thieves invariably sample these before leaving. The first thing the scientific French sleuth does is to examine all bottles and glasses by microscope, special photographic apparatus and heavy black powders making the prints visible.

The development of invisible prints in poison-pen letters has proved a great boon to the police. In one recent case the Lyons police suspected a highly-placed woman of writing such letters. In spite of many clever efforts, they were unable to get a copy of her authentic prints, to check up with those found on the letters. Some one learned that she attended some sort of magic séances, held in a dark room. The laboratory prepared a sheet of sensitized paper, and a detective managed to get a seat beside her at the next séance and to slip it under her hands. The trick was a success.

A scientific sleuth, trained in the Lyons laboratory, must literally create a human being under a single wisp of hair, Mr. Fendrick explains, adding:

An expert can tell if a hair is human, if it comes from a man or woman, the comparative age of the person, and if freshly dropt. In some cases a fairly good guess can be made as to nationality of the person.

The laboratory detective must be able to decipher a secret code—French criminals use them frequently—as well as to make a complicated chemical analysis and identify a germ or microbe as surely as he can tell what poison was used for doping a race-horse by examining it under the ultra-

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violet ray. He must know arms and explosives thoroughly, identify any vegetable fiber known to man, and find the trick of restoring tattooing that has been removed. Occasionally, he is called upon to discover secret markings on playing-cards and make special researches into the effects of new drugs and narcotics.

In spite of this formidable responsibility, Dr. Locard manages to find time to attend some of the principal musical performances in Germany and Austria several times a year, for he is still an ardent violinist, and to visit the leading picture galleries of Berlin, Munich, and the Italian cities.

A British Columbus Discovers the Middle Ages in America

"WHAT I like about New York," said the visitor to an American friend, "is its almost incredible medievalism."

The other couldn't imagine what he meant, and the Briton explained that "in no other city on earth is gold carted about as it was in the days of the robber barons; in no other city do hired mercenaries lounge about fully armed as they did in the days of the Medici."

He meant, of course, in no other city outside of America. And he adds the picturesque suggestion, "The only Englishman who would not be surprized by New York would be some one from a good, full-blooded, lawless period like the Wars of the Roses."

The observant traveler is H. V. Morton, who sketches his impressions in the London *Daily Herald*. He tells his English readers that New York is a city of banks. A newcomer might well believe "that the bank is America's leading institution." Thus:

Banks stand at every strategic corner of Fifth Avenue. Down-town they run to size and marble pillars. Their bronze doors and great open spaces remain with the visitor as one of the abiding memories of New York, just as in past times a traveler would take home with him from Egypt, Greece, and Rome a memory of temples.

A first visit to an American bank is an eye-opener even to a keen student of the cinema. What banks are these that seem so tame outside but are so fierce within?

I went to a bank on Fifth Avenue. It was a modest, old-fashioned place that might have been uprooted from the Strand and replanted in New York.

As soon as I entered this bank, two large and potentially unpleasant men lined up, one on either side of me, and escorted me to a cashier. I thought it was a custom of the country until I realized what was the matter.

I have a bad habit, which ruins all my clothes, of walking about with my right hand thrust well down into the right-hand pocket of my coat. It is a suspicious habit to take to America! These watchers thought that I had a gun!

I then realized that this bank, like every bank in the United States, was a fortress.

Each cashier was imprisoned in a stout iron-work cage. Each cage had a Yale lock on the door. The roofs of the cages were protected by a bomb-proof covering. Beside each cashier, lying casually and half hidden among papers and checks, was the shining barrel of a revolver.

Every bank in America prepares for war

Via Havana and the Panama Canal

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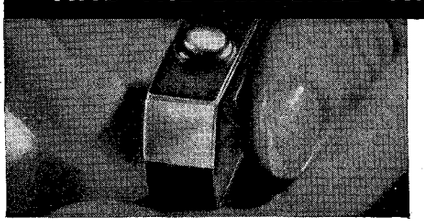

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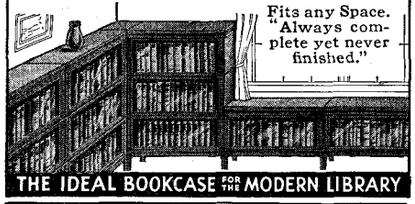

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when it opens its doors in the morning. Mr. Morton exclaims, adding:

Each cashier when he snaps the Yale lock behind him is ready for possible trouble. That this rarely happens is due entirely to the precautions taken by banks to hold-up the gunman!

The cashier confessed that he had never been "held-up"—or "stood-up," as they call it—and he believed that the gunman, largely because the banks had decided to teach him a lesson, was finding life rather difficult.

He pointed out that the bank had been designed to defeat the gunman. The two long flanking counters were there to afford enfilade fire. Behind these counters, stored among a number of attractive young women, were a portion of the bank's defensive equipment—tear-gas bombs!

NEXT, Mr. Morton was walking along Fifth Avenue when "a large man placed himself in front of me and said, 'Make a deetoor.'" Whereupon:

I asked him to explain himself. He edged up and leaned his bulk against me, at the same time placing the blue muzzle of an automatic within two inches of my chest.

"Leave the sidewalk—make a deetoor," he said, and I saw him glance sharply down at my confounded right hand. I took it out of my pocket, and the gunman made a casual movement of the automatic, dismissing me with it into the roadway.

The detour which he ordered took me round one of the common sights of New York, but one that can not fail to astound any visitor from another country.

An armored car was drawn up at the curb. The driver sat behind a bullet-proof screen. Three or four armed men stood round ordering people from the pavement.

Two men stood on the steps of a large building with revolvers in their hands. All this drama and fuss to take bags of money from this building to a bank, a job that in London is done every week by a couple of elderly clerks in a taxi!

It seems astonishing to the stranger that a private armed force can exist in a city side by side with the police. What would Scotland Yard say if the corps of commissionaires went about with loaded revolvers?

London's commissionaires are elderly veterans in uniform who, for a small fee, will buy your theater seats, mind the baby, cash your pay-roll check, read you to sleep, push the perambulator, pawn the diamonds, wash the dog, or what have you. To see them with guns at their belts would certainly give Londoners a shock and Scotland yard a fit.

Try This on Your Ouija Board

It may be hard to believe, but it is true that

$$1 \times 9 + 2 = 11$$
$$12 \times 9 + 3 = 111$$
$$123 \times 9 + 4 = 1111$$
$$1234 \times 9 + 5 = 11111$$
$$12345 \times 9 + 6 = 111111$$
$$123456 \times 9 + 7 = 1111111$$
$$1234567 \times 9 + 8 = 11111111$$
$$12345678 \times 9 + 9 = 111111111$$
$$123456789 \times 9 + 10 = 1111111111$$

—*Watchman-Examiner.*

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SHALL the trapper alone bear this stigma? Or share it with those who demand his spoils? From *The Step Ladder* (Chicago):

THE TRAPPER

BY MARY COLES CARRINGTON

How dark the hour of death must seem
To him who, as the end draws near,
Sees the accusing, piteous ghosts
Of tortured animals appear!

Surely his hardened soul must shrink
And, with belated horror, stare
At all his harsh, unheeding hands
Have wrought, at anguish and despair.

Poor bleeding paws, bedraggled fur,
Strained eyes that, glazing, begged for aid,
Small, struggling bodies, choked and torn;
Was it for this their grace was made?

I cannot think God would requite
Even to him such pain and dread,
But this I pray—that he may hear
And understand the hapless dead;

And, as each inarticulate
Sad utterance for mercy cries,
Burn to the bone with scorching shame
Before the pity in God's eyes.

NEW YORK, it seems, has redeeming qualities for an outsider; pity she should not know how lightly "the pagan hand" presses on the native. This in *Will-o'-the-Wisp:*

MANHATTAN

BY MARGARET ELWARD LAWLESS

Manhattan! All your symmetry of steel,
  Your golden domes, your bayoneted spires,
Press hard against my heart until I feel
  A pagan hand must tend your altar fires;
You drive the birds in exile from your skies;
  God from your churches; man in shame to crawl
In awful wonder that the sun dare rise
  On such magnificence a star dare fall,

And yet, my eyes rest on the splintered sheen
  Of grey-green waters at your stony edge;
The gallant grass comes back to Bowling Green;
  A cowslip blooms upon an East Side ledge;
And when I venture home, my ears will meet
Milano's matchless songs in Bleecker Street!

HERE is a delicate fancy—too delicate to be spoiled by analysis. In *The Commonweal* (New York):

WATER SNAKE SHOES

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

When I have them on my feet
I am very slim and fleet—
I, the silent one, who passes
Through a labyrinth of grasses,
Through a meadow wet and sweet.

Presently I'll find a stream—
I shall be a silver gleam—
I, the supple one, the swimmer,
Shall be but a dappled glimmer
Through the ripples of a dream.

* * *

If I wear them on Broadway
Might some passing poet say
(Deaf to babble and to bustle),
"Hark, I hear a tiny rustle!
There's some woodland thing astray!"?

THIS is a poem too long to quote entire, but the picture of the Middle West—the "Middle West" that has risen to a symbol—is impressive. The writer's relation to it is exprest at the end of the quotation, but he goes much further to analyze his reasons for departing from "it all." In *Voices* (New York):

FANTASIA OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BY E. MERRILL ROOT

Over a level amplitude
Vast thunder-heads of dull heat brood
And gather lightnings. Corn-fields lie
From east of sky to west of sky.

White, level, without crook or bend,
Roads lead from world's end to world's end.
Towns huddle or straggle here and there
Along each endless thoroughfare;
Between them,—vast, incredible,—
The miles loom in dark miracle.

And on, and on, and far away
Beneath the summer span of day,
Ever this endless bulk of loam
Stretches—earth's mood grown monochrome.

Sluggish, amorphous, tawny, slow,
Like moving earth the rivers go
With a vast patience in their flow.

Over earth's prone monotony
Sometimes the cyclones wander free;
But now wide gentler breezes run
Tossing the corn-fronds in the sun.

Dream islands made of shadowy trees
Loom in the hot immensities.
White houses,—blinding, sudden,—glow
Like chalk-cliffs in the corn's green flow.
Red silos bulge. A windmill's wheel
Stands like a sunflower of steel.

And over all I watch the sky:
Formless and vast, the cumuli
Like daylight ghosts of mountains go
Bearing the thunder to and fro.

Cerulean, immense, the air
Arches,—the sun's wide thoroughfare.
Sky's vastitude, earth's vastitude,
Oppress me like a Titan's mood.

Monotonous immensity
Engulfs, and daunts, and shadows me.

* * *

Here the dark earth is rich and good:
From it the endless corn draws food.
But I am lost and overcome
By space wherein the corn finds home.
Unlike the rooted corn I go
Alien and exile to and fro.

THE movement of wings and waves is joyously exprest here in the Montreal *Daily Star:*

GULLS OFF NOVA SCOTIA

BY LEONORA OWSLEY HERMAN

Pattern of wings and of silver on blue,
  Rhythm of waves and the joy of their flinging;
Swirling and movement and deep lapis hue
  Up to my eyes their enchantment are bringing.

Wind in my hair and the sun in my heart,—
  High on the fore-deck's staunch rail I am leaning.
None of the beauties we've seen from the start
  Equal this loveliness, soaring, careening.

Cities and citadels, mountains and bays
  Fade insignificant, lost in my dreaming.
Yours is the picture indelibly stays,—
  Wings against water exultantly gleaming.

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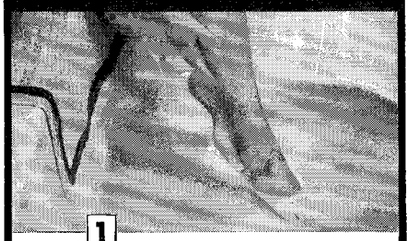
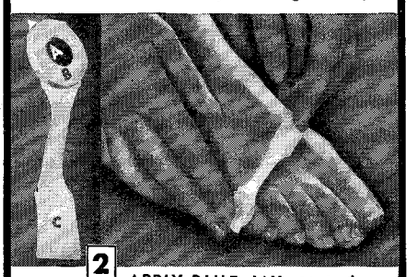


1 SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



2 APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering pad directly over the corn.
HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS: A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn. B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

3 AFTER 3 DAYS, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a 2nd application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action).

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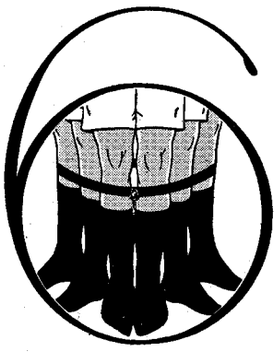

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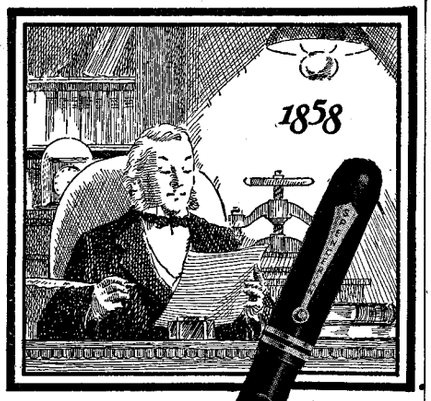

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Lower Rail Fares Looming

IT'S just an experiment.

No one is calling it noble, but *The Railway Age* does think that the way Southern railroads are experimenting with lower passenger fares should be followed with closest attention.

A farm paper, *The Southern Cultivator* of Atlanta, suggests that the recent reductions point the way "for the rail lines generally to compete successfully with other types of transportation."

It seems that the Louisville and Nashville road cut coach fares to two cents a mile, and Pullman fares to three cents without surcharge. The Interstate Commerce Commission authorized such a cut for six months, and gave similar authority to certain other Southern roads. Now the New York *Times* reports something very like a passenger rate war in the offing with the Southern Railway's plan to cut coach fares to one and a half cents a mile and Pullman fares to two cents a mile.

SUCH a spokesman for the roads as *The Railway Age* thinks that the traveling public will be more easily imprest by such plans than by the various kinds of special excursion rates that railroads have been offering lately—

No restrictions, no ifs, ands, and buts, no dates to remember—simply two cents in coaches and three cents in Pullmans. Adequately advertised and constantly repeated, the message should be indelibly imprest upon practically the whole population of the territory. Low rates available on a broad and uniform basis work as a sales force within the minds of the public twenty-four hours a day. Special rates and excursion offers, by contrast, can usually effect sales only during the fleeting seconds when advertisements catch the eyes of "prospects." We do not belittle the excursion and other special rates. On the contrary, we are glad to see that they are being ever more widely extended. But we do believe, and have believed for a long time, that a thoroughgoing experiment with lower standard rates is badly needed.

The Southern Cultivator agrees with the officials of the roads that "the most direct and advisable way to meet bus competition is through passenger-fare reduction." It continues:

The railroads are finally "waking up." The necessity of reducing passenger fares to the prewar rate of two cents a mile, elimination of the exorbitant surcharge on Pullman rates, and inauguration of pick-up and delivery service for less-than-carload freight has been apparent to everybody except the railroad officials for over three years.

The railroads would not have been so hard prest financially if they had heeded the first reverberations of the industrial alarm clock, and it is a certainty that bus travel and truck competition would not have increased to the point of danger to the rail structure of the nation and a menace to all who travel the highways.

India's "Managing Agents"

INDIA'S novel "managing-agency" system, whereby numbers of competing and non-competing firms are controlled, is going strong after 329 years of service.

Indigenous and peculiar to India, its importance to the industrial and commercial life of the nation is considerable, according to a report of Trade Commissioner J. B. Richards, Calcutta, issued by the United States Department of Commerce and quoted from *The United States Daily*.

The inception of the managing agency "goes back to the days of the old East India Company, when business men who had the courage to face climatic and other difficult conditions came to India and accumulated fortunes," we are told:

Success of these early traders attracted European capital, and those who had already made a success in the Indian field were managing agents of new ventures. As domestic capital became interested in industry it also sought the guidance of old-established houses.

In Calcutta, the original home of the managing-agency system, 385 companies, or almost 80 per cent. of the principal companies whose stocks are listed on the Calcutta Stock Exchange, are managed by thirty-six firms of managing agents. Many of the remaining companies are also managed to some degree by smaller managing agency firms. The system is operative in other trade and commercial centers to about the same extent as in Calcutta.

Some of the larger managing-agency firms confine their interests largely to one industry. One, for example, manages twenty-four tea estates and one jute mill. Many of them, however, have more varied interests. In one instance ten jute mills, eighteen tea estates, fourteen coal-mining companies, three transport agencies, one sugar mill and eight miscellaneous undertakings are all under the direction of one large firm.

OF the managing agency's numerous and various duties, we read:

Its most important function is to arrange financing of the new company and supply additional capital as it may be needed. Additional capital is usually obtained by floating a debenture issue, but sometimes the agency advances a loan from its own resources.

Other important functions include selling the companies' product, purchasing new equipment, advertising, arranging for a steady labor supply, handling litigation, auditing, and purchasing raw materials. The managing agency's contract runs for a period of years, usually ten, and or thereafter until removed from management by a resolution of the directors of the company.

Compensation to the managing agency depends upon the amount of the service rendered. A typical contract specifies that the agency shall receive 2 per cent. commission on gross sales, 2½ per cent. on cost price of all new machinery, stores, and other purchases, made by the agencies outside of India on behalf of the company. An office allowance is also specified, and the agency collects for salaries of those occupied solely in the company's business.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Retreat Open.—BOOK CANVASSER (to Cook)—"And lastly, all our cookery books contain a complete and up-to-date railway time-table."—*Humorist.*

Dogs of War.—A scientific item says that there is a war on between the electron and the atom.

Up, Electrons, and Atom!—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Raw Deal.—SPINSTER—"So the waiter says to me, 'How would you like your rice?'"

FRIEND—"Yes, dearie, go on."

SPINSTER—"So I says wistfully, 'Thrown at me, big boy.'"—*Cape Argus.*

Why Repeat?—"Say, honey, I was nearly bumped off twice today."

"Once would have been enough."—*Everybody's Weekly.*

And Parrot Fish Are Gay.—HOUSEWIFE—"I don't like the looks of that codfish."

STOREKEEPER—"Well, if you want looks, why don't you buy a goldfish?"—*Selected.*

Massacre of the Innocents.—A little girl, on seeing sawdust plentifully sprinkled on the floor of a meat store, remarked to her mother:

"Mummy, the man must have broken a lot of dolls!"—*Los Angeles Times.*

And Mama Was *so* Pleased.—"You must be pretty strong," said Willie, aged six, to the pretty young widow who had come to call on his mother.

"Strong? What makes you think so?"

"Daddy said you can wrap any man in town around your little finger."—*Buffalo News.*

Why Dad's Nose Is Red.—Two foreign-looking girls, evidently domestics, were discussing their employers. "The missus is fine," said one, "but her husband is very cross."

"He is?"

"Yeah. But I get even with him. Every time he scolds me, I put starch in his handkerchiefs."—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Much Punctuation.—Abe's boy Ikey was in the outer office when a telegram arrived, and the stenographer called out: "A wire from the salesman, Mr. Bernstein."

"Read it out loud to me," the boss called back from the inner room. So she started:

"Was in Dallas Monday stop be in Houston Wednesday stop be in New Orleans Thursday stop—"

Here Abe interrupted, calling to his son: "Ikey, leave that girl alone and let her read the telegram."—*Boston Transcript.*

Ever Try Cobbler's Wax?—ACTOR—"Yes, my friends, usually my audiences are glued to their seats."

FRIEND—"What a quaint way of keeping them there!"—*Legion Weekly.*

When Faith Is Tried.—

"In God we trust": the statement rash
On every silver dollar;
But when the banks shut off our cash,
How we began to holler.

—*With apologies to the Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

"Oh, that's just my former husband paying his alimony—barter system, you know!" —"Judge."

Depression Couldn't Touch 'Em.—

Eve never fretted
O'er how she was dressed,
And Adam never had to have
His trousers pressed.

—*Florida Times-Union.*

What Price Birth-marks?—GLADYS—"Listen, Mabel. This is what my boy says in his letter. 'Darling, I think of you all day—your naturally waved hair, your brownish-gray eyes, your slightly prominent cheekbones, your twenty-four-inch waist—'"

MABEL—"Well, that's a queer sort of love-letter!"

GLADYS—"Oh, didn't you know? Bob writes those descriptions of missing people for the police."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Elephants Never Forget.—Dr. Walter Adams, astronomer of Mount Wilson Observatory, speaking of the ungrateful attitude of some war debtors, told a story of gratitude:

"A hunter in the jungle came across an elephant limping. The hunter followed it. Finally it toppled over. The hunter examined its feet. In one there was a large thorn. This he removed.

"Years passed and the hunter was in a cheap seat at a circus. A turn was given by a troup of performing elephants. One of these elephants reached in its trunk, encircled his waist, and lifted him from his cheap seat and set him down in a seat in a private box."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Minus Rah! Rah! Rah!—The Crimson downed Tennessee in their own Homecoming battle, before a crowd of nearly 0,000. —*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Headless Horseman Outdone.—

HEAD SHOT OFF,
HE DRIVES 12 MILES

—*Boston Daily Record.*

Making It Unanimous.—Civilization, as well as New York and Chicago, is safe from destruction by bombing planes. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

Call a Mortician. — "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Oklahoma outlaw, who was seriously killed last spring and critically wounded since, pulled through a recent bank job unscathed.—*Tacoma paper.*

Pass the Mustard.—And here is a marvelous dinner, broiled steam, minus butter and with all the fat trimmed off, watercress without any dressing, one-half grapefruit! — *Birmingham News.*

Young Charley Horse? — Johnson (Walter) insists he never suffered from a sore arm. The only occasions on which his muscles were a bit tender was once or twice when a colt settled in them.—*Daily Oklahoman.*

Pass the Cream.—A covered-dish supper will be served by the Truth Seekers Bible Class on Wednesday evening at 6:30. Husbands of members are also invited. Don't forget the "cats"!—*Bethlehem (Pa.) Church Bulletin.*

Washington Merry-Go-Round.—The Senate to-night removed its veteran Sergeant-at-Arms David S. Barry, for writing a magazine article accusing some members of Congress of bride-taking.—*Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Record.*

Calling Names Out of School.—Benito Cussolini, apostle of speed, wants his young Fascists skilled in all forms of fast transport and will himself head a mobilization of Italian motorcyclists on this year's war anniversary.—*Springfield Republican.*

Rather a Broad Hint.—

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—*Rockland (Mass.) paper.*

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